
MACMAHON

PARIS IN
MINIATURE

1782

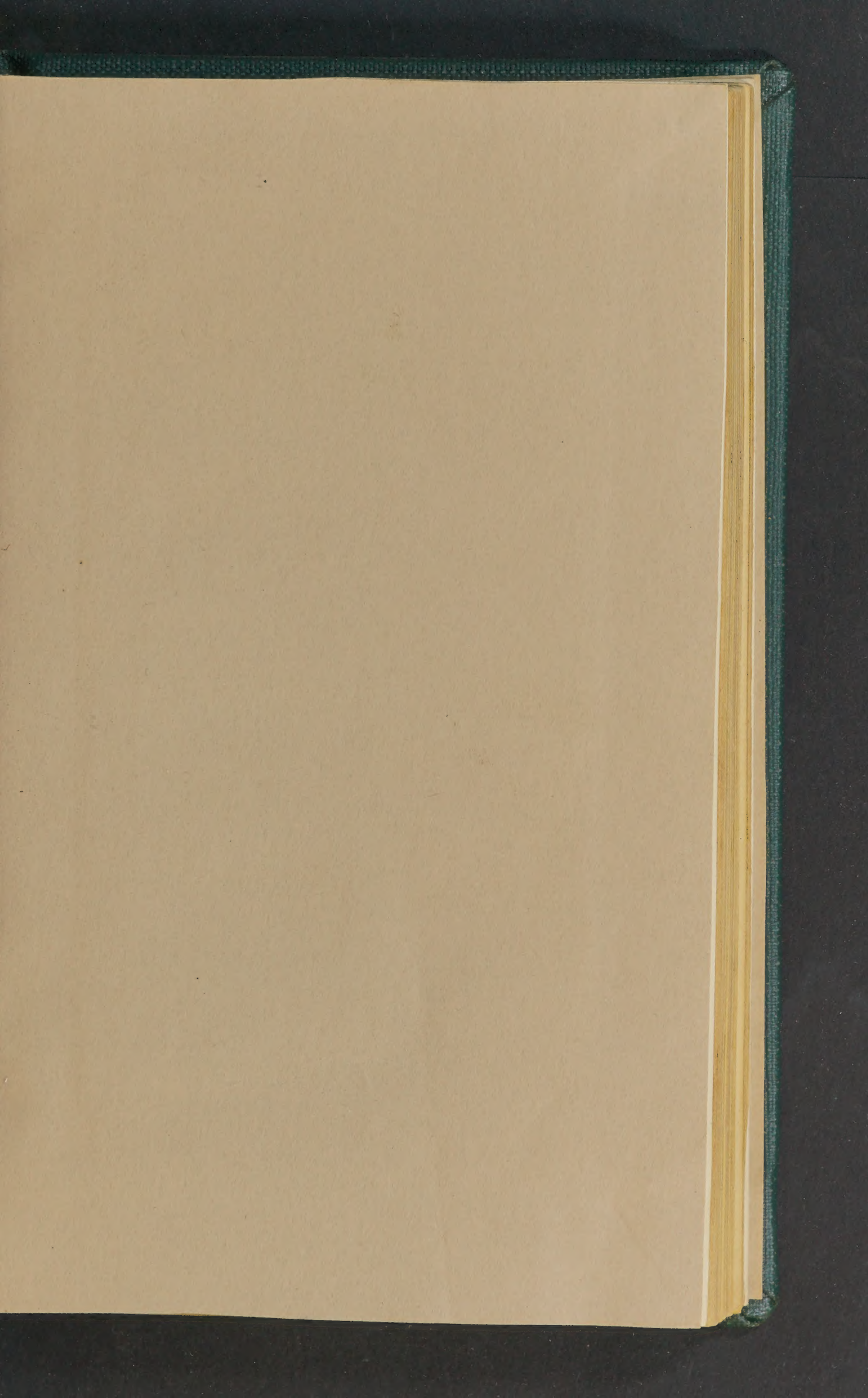
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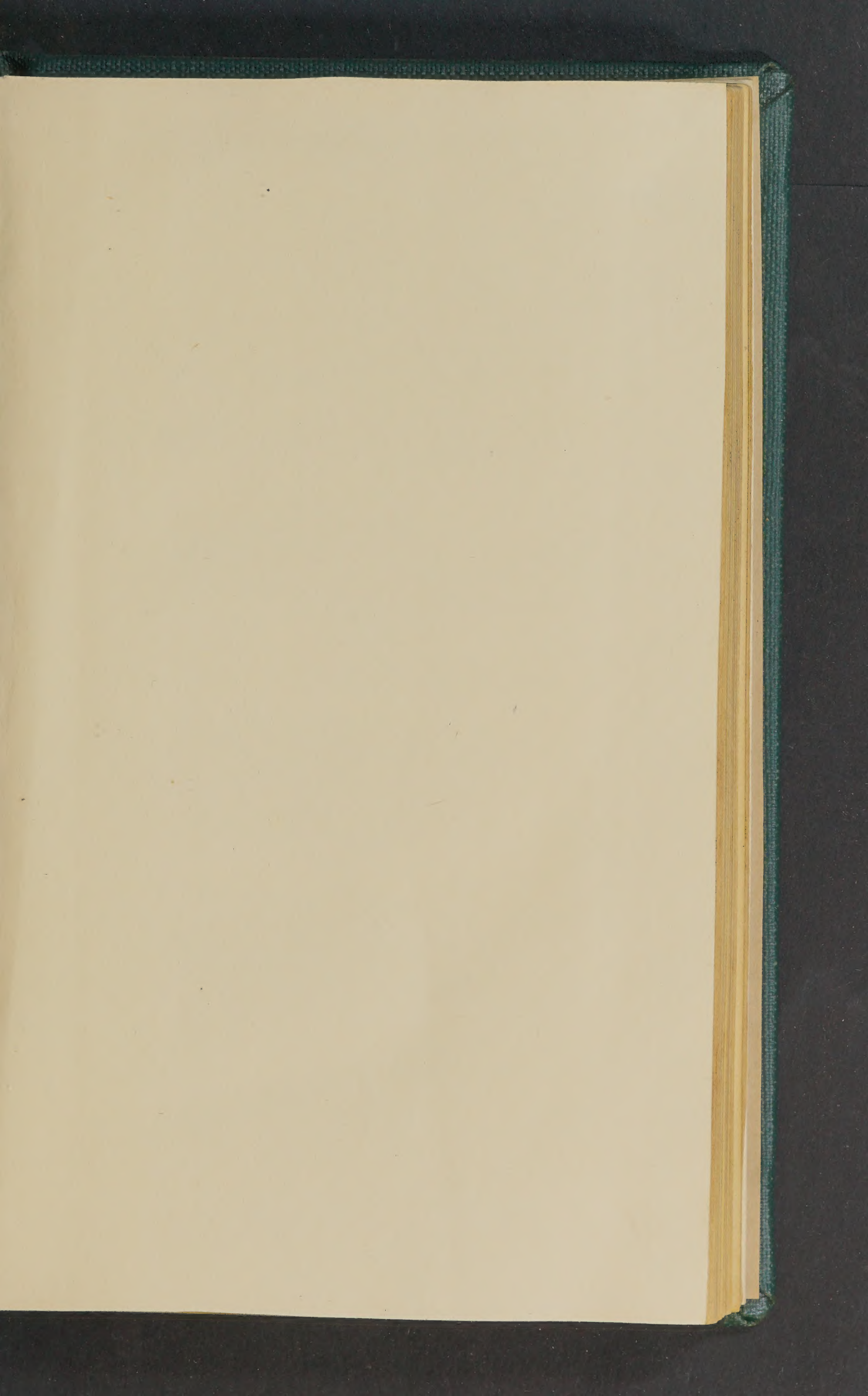


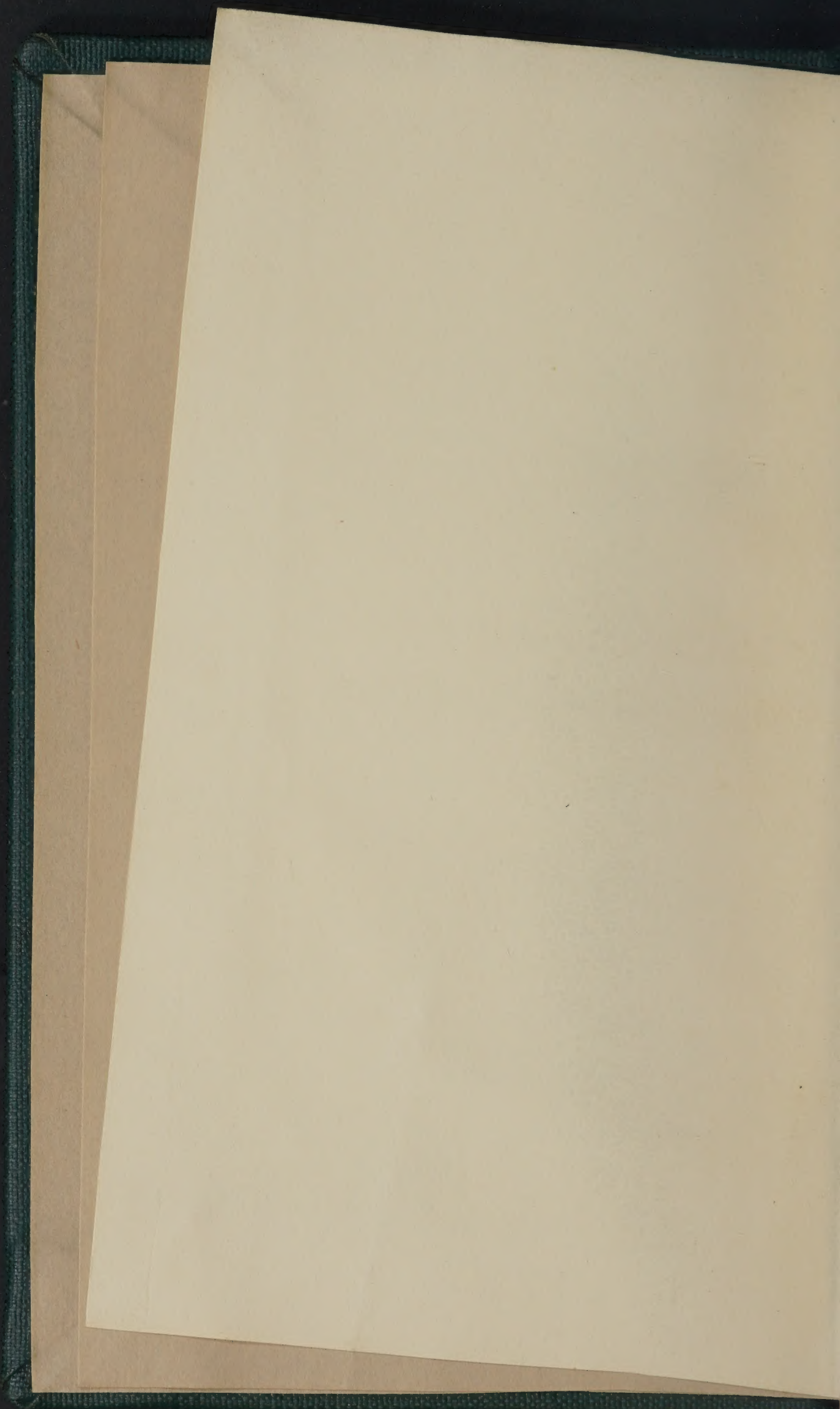


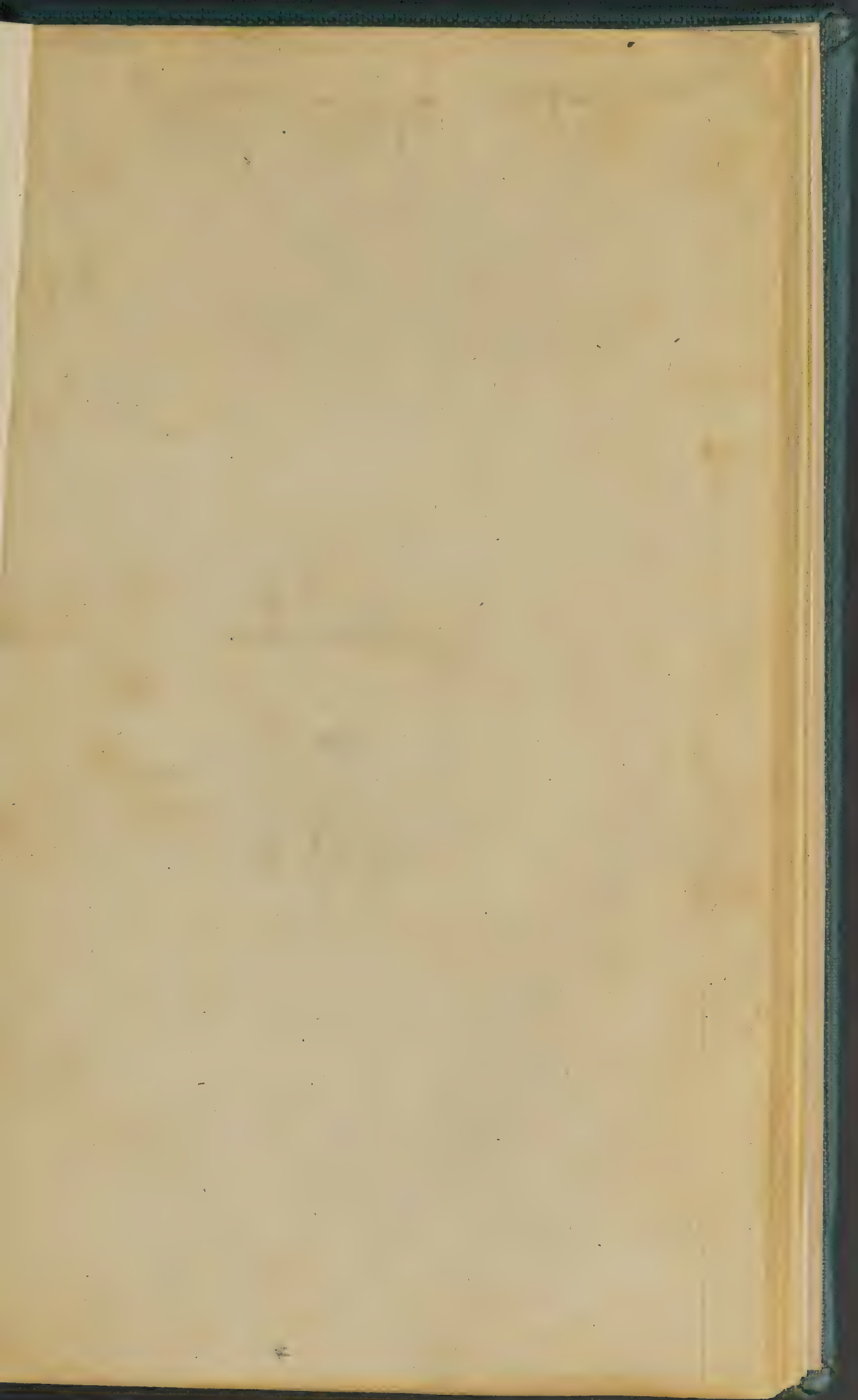


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PARIS IN MINIATURE;

TAKEN FROM

The FRENCH PICTURE at full Length,

ENTITLED

TABLEAU DE PARIS.

INTERSPERSED WITH

REMARKS and ANECDOTES.

TOGETHER .

With a PREFACE and a POSTFACE.

J. B. Macmahon
By the ENGLISH LIMNER.

Des Crotes dans toutes les Rues,
Des Catins, des Femmes perdues.

Maint Poudré qui n'a point d'Argent,
Maint Faraut qui craint le Sergent,
Maint Fanfaron qui toujours tremble :
Voilà Paris !—Que vous en semble ?

SCARRON.

L O N D O N :

Printed for G. KEARSLY, No. 46, FLEET-STREET.

MDCCLXXXII.

[PRICE THREE SHILLINGS SEWED.]

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P R E F A C E.

SCARRON was the first who gave a just and full description of the proud metropolis of the French empire. It was, like this preface, the better for being short. The partiality which I have always entertained for laconism, has induced me to bring the full length picture of Paris down to a miniature: and as I do not see that a copy should be exact to the original even to a fault, I have taken some liberties with my author, which I am vain enough to think will be approved of by those who may take the trouble of comparing. Those who cannot, or will not do it, need only be told, that without deviating from matters of fact, I have introduced here and there a few tints which were wanting in the Picture to give it a perfect finish. The French painter had huddled up his subjects together, or placed them in a wrong light—I have endeavoured to introduce a better order, and remove that confusion. In short, like a true artist, I have improved upon my model. This is not very modest you'll say—I own it; but if
you

P R E F A C E.

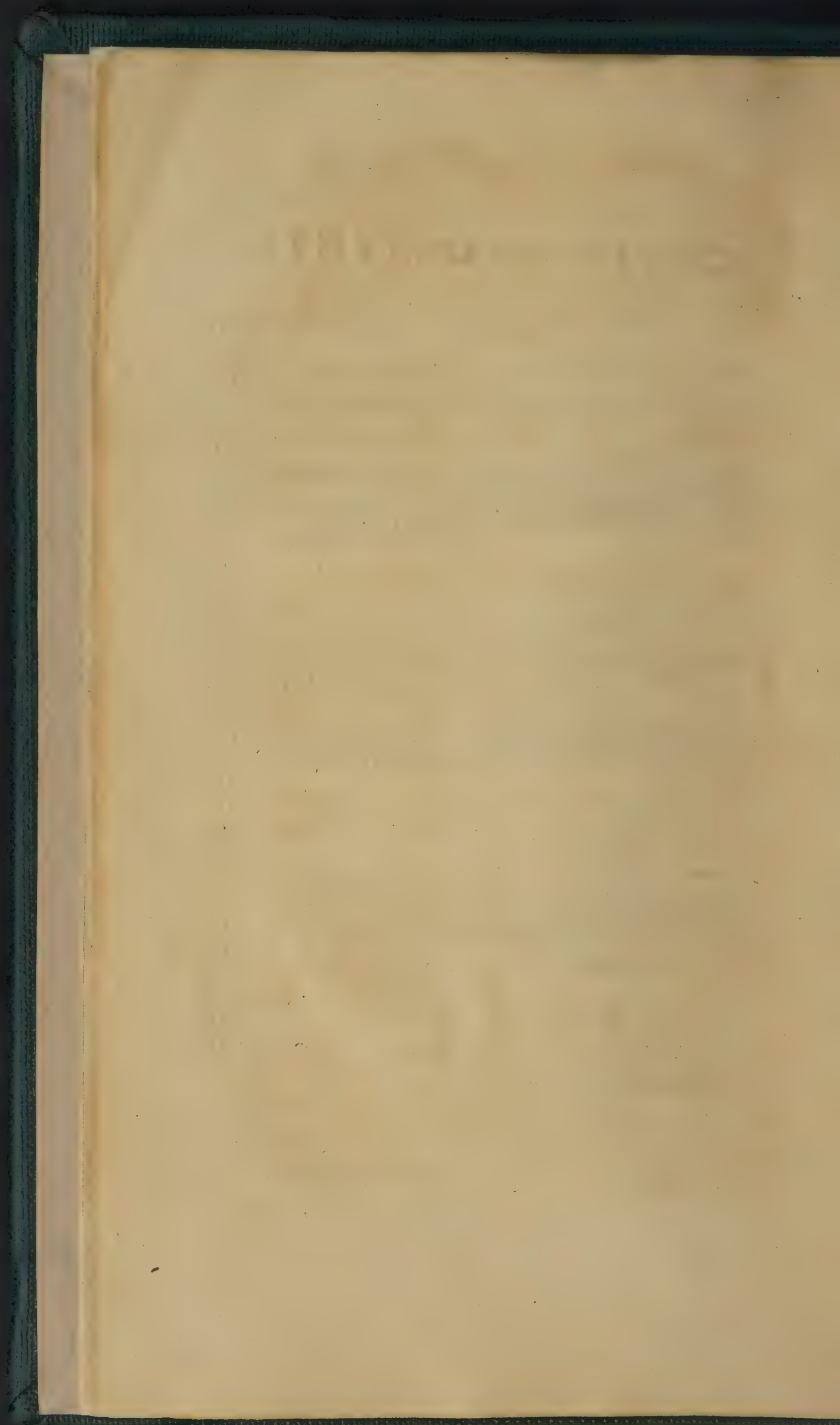
you find it true, what matters it? and if you do not, I know the consequence, and may receive my next ounce of snuff wrapped up in a dismembered page of my own work. I shall not be the first---and the countless number of writers in the same predicament, will be my comfort.

Therefore, good reader, believe me, as you cannot hurt my feelings as an author, do not suffer your temper to be ruffled; peruse the work, laugh at Parisian folly, meanness and ignorance---and then to the POSTFACE, "With what appetite you may."

PARIS

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CHARACTER OF THE PARISIANS.

THERE is not a set of people more inconsistent and careless than the generality of the Parisians. The very same event which made them almost frantic in the morning, is turned by them before night into ridicule and laughed at, because a Parisian must be merry, no matter for what.

For near a century, they have fallen into a kind of apathy and indifference on their political interests. This indolence is the very bane of the mind; weakens the understanding, and in a manner enervates the soul.

The Regent, by his pecuniary schemes sixty years ago, overturned the fortunes, and by this means perverted the morals of the inhabitants; and his reign may be looked upon as the period

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at which the Parisian for ever renounced his domestic virtues.

The citizens are tradesmen; but never were merchants: great and extensive speculations being above the narrow compass of their commercial ideas, or perhaps incompatible with their indolence, and the tyranny of their custom-house officers.

As soon as a stranger sets his foot in the streets of Paris, he may easily perceive that little account is made of the common people; not the least convenience for them, not so much as a foot-way; they seem to be a body totally distinct from the other order of citizens. The great and wealthy who ride in their carriages, enjoy the inhuman right of running over and maiming them in the streets: an hundred of those unfortunate are yearly crushed under the wheels. The indifference with which those accidents are heard or talked of, shews the received opinion to be, that all must be subservient to the luxury of the great.—Louis XV. informed of the daily misfortunes occasioned by the carelessness, or perhaps the malice of the drivers, especially of the phaetonic *petits maitres*, used to say, “If I were Lieutenant of the police, not a single horse-chaise would be seen in Paris.” The monarch, we suppose, looked upon so trifling

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trifling an attention to the safety of his subjects as totally beneath his dignity.

If a peaceable inhabitant of the Alps were told that there is a city in Europe where the inhabitants run their horses full speed against their fellow-citizens; that the former, by paying a small fine, purchase the right of doing the same the next day, he could not believe the report; his mind would shudder at the thoughts of so barbarous a deed.

The common people are weak in their limbs, of a short stature, and pale countenance. Their appearance marks out very pointedly the difference between the republican and the groveling subject of a monarchy. The latter has fear and dejection in his looks, the former walks with head erect, and freedom gives life to his every motion: he is the man truly conscious of his real dignity.

Whatever may be said of the modern refinement of manners, I maintain that the mettle, even the insolence of the common people, is the surest pledge of their candour and probity; whenever they shake off that primitive rusticity they grow serious, debauched, poor, and fall of course into general contempt.

The populace is here as abject as meanness can make them, and not less ignorant than despicable. They firmly believe that the English

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feed upon raw flesh ; that they go in large companies to plunge head long into the Thames ; and that it is impossible for a foreigner to walk the streets of London without being knocked on the head.

Nay, this ignorance is not confined to the lower class, persons of the first rank entertain nearly the same opinion. The elegant frequenters of the Thuilleries and Luxembourg, are professed Anti-anglicans ; they talk of nothing but making a descent in England, taking London, burning the city, dining at St. James's, and eating their supper in Dublin.

Notwithstanding all this fine boasting, we neither dare to write or speak, yet we are impassioned to a degree of enthusiasm for the freedom and independance of the Americans, whom nature has placed 1200 miles from us. In the midst of our national exultation about the civil war between the English colonies and the mother country, we never cast a glance on our own concerns. The cacoethes of speaking is one amongst the most natural foibles of the Parisians ; and from the first to the last, they are to a man slaves to the most shameful and lamentable prejudices.

How different are the Parisians from what they were once ! they could boast at one time
of

of spirit and fortitude, now they dare hardly say that their souls are their own.

G A I E T Y.

We have retained the name, the meaning we have forgot. We have lost that openness and affability which commanded the attention of foreigners; heaviness and anxiety have dispelled that lively freedom which bespoke that simplicity of manners and sincerity, the token of a free and generous mind. Society holds up her head no more; gravity and censorial behaviour tell every stranger that most of the inhabitants are thinking of their enormous debts, and of the best way to extricate themselves.

The excessive expences which luxury requires, have beggared all ranks of people, and they exhaust all manner of resources for the ruinous purpose of supporting a mere shew. One may read in each countenance the anxiety and schemes of every individual. Out of twenty people assembled together; eighteen think on the means of getting money, and fifteen will go without.

Gaiety is the offspring of moderation; we know it not; we fain would brighten up our countenance, but real uneasiness betrays the inward distress of the mind. If we know of any enjoyments, they consist in secret and solitary parties,

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parties, where libertinism reigns uncontrouled.
—Thousands are amused, not one happy.

P O P U L A T I O N.

Mr. de Buffon is of opinion, that each marriage gives birth to four children; every year four or five thousand marriages are consummated, and the number of christenings is from eighteen to twenty thousand. From the same observation it appears, that in Paris more girls than boys are born every year, and that a greater number of men than women pay the last debt to nature in the same space of time, within the bills of mortality of this capital, which is generally called the *Heaven of Women*, the *Purgatory of Men*, and the *Hell of Horfes*.

On some particular days of shew or rejoicing, above a hundred thousand persons, two-thirds of them in carriages or on horseback, march out of town, and within six hours after return in the same crowd to their respective homes: that is, when no accidents interfere; these have been but too common, and a single walk out of the gates of Paris has brought heavy distress on many families.

The disaster which happened in the *Place of Louis XV.* where one thousand eight hundred people lost their lives, to pay for the smoak
of

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of a solemn firework, has at last awakened the attention of government, and public rejoicings are now conducted with so much good order that little or no mischief has happened since that dreadful epocha.

From this inconceivable affluence of people, which would astonish the eye of every foreigner, it will be no difficult matter to imagine, that the King's Exchequer is yearly benefited, from this city alone, of a hundred and twenty millions of livres, including all duties for imports and exports, tenths, poll-tax, and a numberless train of imposts; which, if arranged alphabetically, would make a good folio dictionary. Yet Paris is but a spot in the topography of the French dominions. It is not without cause, therefore, that the monarch *coaxingly* calls it our *good city* of Paris; it is indeed an excellent milch cow, under the hands of despotism!.

The court pays particular attention, not to the opinions, but to the *small talk* of the Parisians. In England, by the *despising*, but more *despicable* courtier, the inhabitants of the city are called *the scum of the earth*; the Parisians are nicknamed the *frogs*—what say the *Grenouilles*? is the common question from a grandee to another. Yet when these very *Grenouilles*, on the appearance of their *Nomenclators*, clap their fins together,

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together, their revilers are pleased; notwithstanding their boasted contempt, the reception they meet with in the capital, is the criterion of their popularity.

Lest the Parisians should always consult their own feelings, the police takes care to hire a set of men to clap and huzza on such occasions, as fast as they would forswear themselves for the same price. Nevertheless, the tokens of public satisfaction bear an *originality* that no purchased applause can imitate.

NEIGHBOURHOOD.

This, like *Parisian gaiety*, is a word, and no more; a man is as much a stranger to his neighbour as if they lived all the seas asunder. Two men of genius may live Twenty-five years in the city without knowing each other; nay, the nearest relations, when they are at variance, though living in the same street, may be a thousand miles distant.

The following story will serve as a proof of that *neighbourly distance*. Mr. *D'Eslandes*, author of the *Histoire critique de la Philosophie*, had passed a severe censure on the works of the celebrated Don *Jacques Martin*, a benedictine friar; the latter, who like all self-opiniated writers, could not bear the keen shafts of satire,
was

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was very severe with his critic. As Mr. D'Eslandes was very easy and good natured, a lady took it into her head to bring them together; D'Eslandes, under the name of Olivier, dined several times with Don Martin, continually bringing his own name in question, when the friar would exclaim, *You, Sir, are a man full of wit and learning; you speak and reason with real profundity, but that D'Eslandes is the meekest fool, and the most compleat puppy I ever heard of.* This scene, which must have proved highly entertaining for the company, is every hour repeated in Paris.

CHIMNIES.

The common fuel in Paris is wood, and the consummation of that article is such, that the greatest apprehensions are entertained of a fatal want of so essential a commodity.

This wood, brought by water and piled up in parcels as high as a house, is consumed in the space of three months; and this is another blessed effect of our unbounded luxury; formerly servants were content with the common hall to sit in in winter, now my lady's maid has her fire place, so has the tutor, and so the favorite valet, steward, &c. &c.

C

F E A R

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FEAR WELL GROUNDED.

When one reflects, that in Paris near a million of inhabitants are crowded on the same spot, and that *this spot* is not a sea-port, one may justly be alarmed about the future subsistence of so many beings; and our fears will still increase, if we consider, that what is here called commerce, and which is at best a continual brokerage and local industry, is straitened, circumscribed, and cramped on all sides; then, indeed, the existence of that proud city appears very precarious, for several causes may occasion a famine, exclusive of the political scourges which may afflict its inhabitants.

Certain it is that the Parisians must depend for their food upon the mealman, and the latter is entirely at the mercy of him who is the owner of the streams that flow from the *Seine* and the *Marne*.

POLITICAL CHARACTER OF A TRUE PARISIAN.

I have already observed, that the Parisians in general are totally indifferent as to their political interest; nor is this to be wondered at in a place where a man is hardly allowed to think for himself. A coercive silence imposed upon
every

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every Frenchman from the hour of his birth, on whatever regards the affairs of government, grows with him into an habit, which the fear of the Bastile and his natural indolence daily strengthens, till the man is totally lost in the slave. Kingly prerogative knows no bounds, because no one ever dared to controul the monarch's despotic commands. It is true, that according to the proverb, the galled horse hath winced. The Parisians have at times attempted to withstand tyranny; but popular commotions amongst them had more the air of a boyish mutiny at school; a rod with the latter, the butt end of a firelock with the former, quiets all, because neither act with that spirit and resolution of *men* who assert their natural rights.

What would cost the minister his life in those happy countries, where self-denial and passive obedience are unknown, is done off in Paris by a witty epigram, a smart song, &c. the authors of which, however, take the greatest care to remain concealed, having continually the fear of ministerial runners before their eyes; as a *bon mot* has often occasioned the captivity of its author. Of this there are many instances, but none more recent in my memory than what happened during the last war, to an officer of the Irish brigade. He was standing by a bonfire, which the credulity of the Parisians had kindled

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up to celebrate a pretended victory or *negative defeat*, as they thought themselves conquerors when not compleatly beat; the unlucky wit could not help exclaiming, "Well done, my boys, keep it up, and shew the world that you are like the flint stone, giving most fire when most struck upon." This poor allusion procured a *safe* retreat to my gentleman, who for several months did not see the outside of the royal cage.

To conclude the portrait of the Parisians, it may be observed, in justice to their moral character, that they are in general of an easy and affable temper, civil among themselves, but especially to foreigners; though amongst their national defects, we may number an excessive love of themselves; thinking, that as there is but one faith and one God, there is but one Paris and one France, out of which there is no salvation.

CORRUPTED ATMOSPHERE.

Whenever the air that we breath does not contribute to our health, it kills: yet the preservation of that great and only terrestrial good seems to be the least of man's care. A number of narrow confined streets, houses so high built as to impede the free circulation of the air, shambles, fish-markets, common-shores, church-yards,

yards, all contribute to impregnate the atmosphere with corrupt and unsalubrious exhalations.

The houses being so many stories high are so obvious a nuisance, that the inhabitant of the ground floor remains almost in the dark when the sun has reached its meridian height. In vain the inhabitant strives, by quitting the town on Sundays and holidays, to seek a purer clime; he must travel a great way from Paris before he can find the wished-for spot; within some miles round the capital he breathes the infectious vapours of accumulated dung of all sorts; and the artificer, who toils the whole week for a few hours pleasure at the end of it, for what the English call a mouthful of fresh air, finds himself out of the city, indeed, but not of its pestilential influenza.

Most churches are infected with cadaverous exhalations, and justify in a manner the repugnance of some individuals to frequent those places of worship. Yet every thing concurred to enforce the removal of such nuisances; yet even authority itself could not effect it. But supposing such a notion to be erroneous, and that no dead corpse is permitted to remain within the church-walls, yet those corpses are not removed out of the capital; and when we reflect that in the church-yard called *Des Innocents*, bodies are daily buried without so much as waiting

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waiting till former ones are consumed, and that so pernicious a practice has been carried on for above ten centuries, our imagination is hurt at the thought, and we shudder at the inevitable consequence of the mephetic vapours that must of course infect the ambient air.

If any one asks how it is possible for men, otherwise sensible, to live in the midst of all manner of diseases? My answer will be, that long habit can make any situation, if not comfortable, at least indifferent to the inhabitants of large towns in general, who do not envy the happiness and strong constitution which the country people derive from an unclouded sky; the former take little or no notice of the grand luminary, they see it without emotion, without gratitude, and look upon it as no better than the footman who carries the link before them.

Nay, it is a fashionable refinement to shut the sun entirely out, and live by candle-light; people of wealth and rank disdain any other, and seem perfectly out of humour with the sunshine. It is beneath their dignity to be warmed by the latter, and they leave so vulgar an enjoyment to the plebeian race; in short they form, if I may venture the expression, an assembly of dead bodies, shut up in splendid tombs, surrounded with funeral tapers.

FUR-

FURNISHED APARTMENTS.

These are the most conspicuous trophies which the filthy inhabitants of the metropolis have erected to the goddess of sloth. *Cloacina* would mistake them for her temples. How shocking it is for a stranger to enter those rooms! A bed fit to adorn a pig-stye, casements opened to all winds, and a stair-case in perfect uniformity with the filthiness of the apartment. What a disgusting contrast to the eyes of an English or a Dutch traveller, who delight in the most scrupulous cleanliness.

Ready furnished lodgings, however, have this advantage, that no creditor can disturb the peace of those mansions. A man who is not in business, and has put out no negotiable bills, is there perfectly safe from the rapacious bird of prey, called *bailif*. He may go out and walk abroad without fearing any attempt upon his person, like *Bias*, carrying about him all his valuables.

The renters of those apartments are not liable to the poll-tax, but as the landlord pays it, he takes care to bring his lodger to bear part of the charges. Every person keeping a lodging house, enters the names of the lodgers in a book, and the police knows very well what to do with it.

If

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If the occupier of a ready furnished apartment is free from all manner of vexation in regard to his creditors, he is on account of his very situation more open to the persecutions of the state-inquisitors; who, when they mean to have him taken up, give out that he is a thief, and as he is not known to his next door neighbour, and apparently possessed of no property, the word of the police-runner is taken, and not a syllable more is said about the matter.

There are laws in being which forbid the harbouring of any prostitutes, yet those unfortunate wretches, who infest the streets leading to the places of public entertainment, live in ready furnished lodgings, but in houses where nobody else would choose to be seen, such as barbers and wine retailers, who levy the most unconscionable contributions upon those miserable objects, make them pay before-hand, and often inform against them.

HACKNEY-COACHES.

Next to the nastiness of furnished apartments, nothing can more offend the eye of a stranger than the shabby appearance of these vehicles, especially if he has ever seen the hackney-coaches of London and Brussels. Yet the appearance of the drivers is still more shocking than

than the carriages, or the skinny hacks that drag those frightful machines. Some have but half a coat on, others none at all; they are uniform in one point only, that is, extreme wretchedness and insolence.

One may observe the following gradation in the conduct of those brutes in human shape—Before breakfast they are pretty tractable, they grow restif towards noon, but in the evening they are not to be borne. The commissaries or justices of peace are the only umpires between the *driver and the drivee*; and right or wrong their award is in favour of the former, who generally are taken from the honourable body of police *greyhounds*, and are of course allied to the formidable phalanx of justices of peace. However, if you would roll on at a reasonable pace, be sure you take a hackney-coachman half seas over.

Nothing more common than to see the braces giving way, or the wheels flying off in a *tangent*; you come off with a broken shin or a bloody nose; but then, for your comfort, you have nothing to pay for the fare.

Some years ago a report prevailed that some alterations were to take place in the regulation of hackney-coaches; the Parisian phaetons took the alarm, and drove to Choisy, where the king was at that time.—The least appearance of a

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commotion strikes terror to the heart of a despot. The appearance of 1800 empty coaches frightened the monarch; but his apprehensions were soon removed by the vigilance of his guard and courtiers; four representatives of the phætonic body were clapt into prison, and the speaker sent to Bicetre or Bridewell, to deliver his harangue before the motley inhabitants of that dreary mansion.

The safety of the inhabitants would require, no doubt, proper attention from government, to provide carriages hung on better springs, and in general more cleanly; but the scarcity and dearth of hay and straw, exclusive of the heavy imposts of 20 sols per day for the privilege of rattling over the pavement of Paris, when for the value of an English shilling, you may go from one end of the town to the other, prevent the introducing of so desirable a reformation.

PONT NEUF, or NEW BRIDGE.

This is the greatest thoroughfare in Paris; if you are in quest of any one, native or foreigner, there is a moral certitude of your meeting with him, at farthest, in the space of two hours. The police-runners are convinced of this truth; here they watch their prey, and if, after a few days look-out they do not find it, they conclude,
with

with a certainty nearly equal to evidence, that the bird is flown.

The most remarkable monument of popular gratitude, may be seen on this bridge—the statue of Henry IV. And if the French cannot boast of having in reality a good prince, they may comfort themselves in contemplating the effigy of a monarch, whose like they will never see again.

At the foot of the bridge, a large phalanx of crimps, commonly called dealers in human flesh, have established their quarters, recruiting for their Colonels, who sell them wholesale to the King. They formerly had recourse to the most violent means, now they are only permitted to use a little artifice, such as employing soldiers trulls for their decoy-ducks, plying with liquors those youngsters who are fond of the juice of the grape.

Sometimes, especially at Martinmas and on Shrove Tuesday, which are sacred in a peculiar manner to gluttony and drunkenness, they parade about the avenues leading to the bridge with long strings of partridges, hares, &c. others jingling sacks full of half crowns to the ears of the gaping multitude; the poor dupes are ensnared, they think of going to set down to a sumptuous dinner, whilst in reality they are hastening to the slaughter-house. Such are the

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heroes picked out to be the support and pillars of the state; and those future great men, that world of conquerors in embryo, are purchased at the trifling price of ten half crowns a head.

S P I E S.

Were not levity natural to a Parisian, good sense would make it necessary, for he is every way beset with spies. If two citizens are whispering to each other, a third comes in and endeavours to catch the word; the spies of the police are a kind of regiment, serving under the banner of curiosity, with this difference, that each of them wears a distinct uniform, and alters it as occasion requires: nothing so quick and wonderful as those sudden transformations.

The very man who in the morning paraded the streets with a sword by his side, is seen towards night in a clerical accoutrement.—At another time, counsellor-like, he shews himself in a black coat and long curling hair; to assume an hour after the more imposing appearance of a Bobadil, with a toledo, formidably beating time to his consequential strut. View him the next day, a golden headed cane in his hand, personating a financier, and apparently attentive to calculate the produce of his interest in the new loan. In short, a spy in Paris takes
up

up and lays down the most whimsical and imposing appearances, just as it suits his convenience, or the kind of people he has to do with. In one and the same day, knight of St. Louis and journeyman barber, abbot and shoe-black by turns; he leaves a *bell-paré* to visit the most infamous brothels. He is, in a word, all eyes, ears and legs; for he daily saunters about and visits three times a day the sixteen wards of Paris. At coffee-houses, retired to a solitary corner, you would take him for one of those heavy beings who eat till they fall asleep, and wake only to eat again: he'll sham to be in a profound nap; nay, snore if occasion requires; yet he has seen, he has heard all that has been said or done. When this stratagem fails, and he has not been able to gather sufficient matter for an information, he turns speaker; is the first to talk bold, in order to inspire his hearers with confidence; then your very silence is for him a sufficient weapon against you. Whether you answer or be mute, he knows or at least interprets your thoughts on any particular operation of government, and then look to yourself; in an hour's time your fate is decreed.

Such are the means by which the minister is lead into the secrets of every family; nay, of each individual. This knowledge has more influence on the conduct of the ministers, than
the

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the best and most forcible arguments that reason or politics could urge.

Thus far government is not to blame; and if they take the opinions of the subject, to pursue or new model the plans and operations of the cabinet, the spies may be looked upon as very useful, though, even in this supposition, the most contemptible set of beings. But if we consider, that from their information, often false, and mostly laid upon mere presumption, the liberty, nay, the very life of the citizen is at stake, we cannot but tremble at the very thought of being surrounded with so many blood-hounds, who often are the first to bark at their employers, the better to draw us into a snare and tear us afterwards piece-meal for a trifling hire.

The consequence is then fatal to society: each looks upon his neighbour with a suspicious eye. The master dares not speak before his servant; the husband, cursed with a wanton wife, must dread least, the better to enjoy her lewd course of life, she is meditating on his ruin; nay, the father has every thing to fear from a froward son or daughter: in short, one would think that the frantic author of an English book, entitled, *An Essay on the Depravity of Human Nature*, studied his subject in Paris, where, in fact, hospitality

tality is often rewarded by the captivity of the unsuspecting host.

Do not think, indignant reader, that I go too far in asserting, that a wife is amongst the inmates the most dangerous enemy to her husband. I just recollect to the purpose, the following anecdote, which happened a few years before the close of the late reign. Though the plot was "laid in blood," it ended in a very ludicrous manner, and for some time engrossed the whole talk, or rather whisper, of the Parisians, for none here is allowed to speak aloud.

An eminent goldsmith was possessed of one of the prettiest women in the capital, or, perhaps, in all France. As the tradesman's misfortune would have it, the *lovely* partner of his bed had all the vices and not a spark of the virtues of her sex. Amongst a *couniless number* of paramours, a certain Abbé, nearly related to one of the ministers of state, held the first rank. As she was less reserved with this clerical *Adonis*, the husband had the impertinence to remonstrate, and at last was mad enough to chide and upbraid. This was too much for female frailty to bear; she complained to her lover of her *spouse's ungentleman-like* behaviour.—The plot was laid to remove the nuisance, and punish the unfashionable wretch for his saucy, antidiluvian notions. It was at a time when *lettres de cachet* were

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were the bank notes with which the great men paid their debts ; the son obtained them against his father, and *vice versa*, without further trouble than soliciting the favour of Comte St. Florentin's mistress, who set her price according to the degree of injustice on which the complaint was grounded.

Our Abbé, related to the great man himself, applied to him for one of those kinds of *habeas corpus*, by which a parent may be removed from his house and family to such place as the minister or the purchaser of the letter thinks fit. Provided with the proper weapons, he puts them into the hands of one of those executors of ministerial commands, call'd *Exempt*. Contrary to the Abbé's expectations, and indeed to all probability, the person he employed to *adjust matters* between the husband and wife, was a *disgrace* to his corps : he could feel for a friend, and had honesty enough to inform the goldsmith under-hand, desiring him to be out of the way on such a particular day. About eleven o'clock the next night he watched the door, and seeing the Abbé enter, just gave him time enough to undress and go to bed ; when, knocking hard at the street door, he ordered it to be opened in the king's name. He told his errand to the servant, and bid him shew him up to his master's bedchamber. In vain did the former
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give him the most positive assurances of the master being from home, the *Exempt* was peremptory, and would take no denial.

He soon reached the apartment, where the Abbé was complimenting the wife, in the most affectionate manner, on her happy deliverance, when the door flew open, and a voice was heard, asking the lady where was her husband? Upon receiving the same answer as he had before from the servant, the *Exempt* told her, that it was very natural and praiseworthy in a wife to screen her husband on such an emergency; but, Madam, added he, the king's command must be obeyed; you have a man in your bed, and surely you would not suffer any one but your husband to lie with you; I have too good an opinion of you to think otherwise.—But come, Sir, get up and dress yourself, or else I must take you in *statu quo*.

There was no possibility of resisting a command which the *Exempt* could have enforced by the assistance of three or four stout Alguazils, who waited in the anti-chamber. The Abbé got up, was hurried into a coach, gagged, and carried to the place of confinement which he had designed for the goldsmith. As this place was several hundred miles distant from Paris, it was some time before the affair transpired; the minister was then no more, his relation was set

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at large, but the family did not think it prudent to make any noise about an adventure which could reflect no credit on their kinsman or his profession.

The encouragement given to spies and informers may be ranked amongst the causes of that levity, for which the French are so generally stigmatized. Their conversation is ever on trifling objects, and the whole of their political creed is contained in the *Gazette de France*, beyond which they dare not go; so that government may be said to prescribe, at least *virtually*, to the inhabitants of the *good city* of Paris what is to be the topic of their public and even private conversation. This is remarkable even in the most common occurrences; if the death of a citizen is *by command* to be kept a secret, a whisper goes round, "He is dead, but not a word about it till further orders." The people in short, seem to be lost to every notion of political and civil government; and if any thing could raise a smile on the pitying philosopher's countenance, it would be, to hear an half-starved ragged Parisian insist, with all the assumed absurdity of self-importance, that Paris and Versailles can alone give laws to Europe, nay, and to all the world. The inveterate scab of prejudice cannot be eradicated from these blocks, hardened by the most incurable folly.

POLICE

POLICE RUNNERS.

This may be termed the second part of Parisian grievances; yet, like even the most poisonous reptile, this pack of blood-hounds, are of some service to the community; they form a mass of corruption, which the Police distils, as it were, with equal art and judgment; and by mixing it with a few salutary ingredients, soften its baneful nature, and turn it to public advantage: the dregs that remain at the bottom of the still, are the spies, of whom I have just spoken; for these also belong to the police, the distilled matter itself consists of the thief-catchers, &c.

These, like other spies, have people to watch over them; each is foremost to impeach the other, and a base lucre is the bone of contention amongst those wretches, who are of all evils the most necessary.

Such are the admirable regulations of the Paris Police, that a man, if suspected, is so closely watched, that the most minute transaction in which he may be concerned, is treasured up till it is proper to arrest him.

The Police does not confine its care to the capital only, droves of its runners are sent to the principal towns and cities in this kingdom,

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where, by mixing with those whose character is suspicious, insinuate themselves into their confidence, and by pretending to join in their mischievous schemes, get sufficient information to prevent their being carried into execution. The mere narrative of the following fact, which happened when Mr. de Sartine was at the head of this department, will give the reader an idea of the watchfulness of the Police.

A gentleman travelling from Bordeaux to Paris with only one servant in his company, was stopped at the turnpike by the Custom-House Officer, who having enquired his name, told him he must go directly to Mr. de Sartine; the traveller was both astonished and frightened at this peremptory command, which, however, it would have been imprudent to disobey: he went, his fears soon subsided at the civil reception he met with, but his surprise was greatly increased when the magistrate, whom to his knowledge he had never seen before, calling him by his name, gave him an account of every transaction that had taken place previous to the gentleman's departure from Bordeaux, and even minutely described the full contents of his portmanteau; now, Sir, continued the *Lieutenant de Police*, that I am well informed, I have a trifle more to disclose to you; you are going to
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such an hotel, and a scheme is laid by your servant to murder you by ten o'clock—Then, my lord, I must shift my quarters to defeat his wicked intention—by no means, Sir, you must not even take notice of what I have said; retire to bed at your usual hour, and leave the rest to me. The gentleman went to the hotel, and followed the advice of the magistrate: about an hour after he was laid down, when, no doubt, he was but little inclined to compose himself to rest, the servant, armed with a clasp-knife, entered the room on tip-toes, drew near the bed, and was about fulfilling his murderous intention, when four men, rushing from behind the hangings, seized the wretch, who confessed all, and soon after paid, to the injured laws of humanity, the forfeit of his life.

There are different sorts and classes of spies; we have the court spies, the bed spies, the street spies; some watch over the *filles de joye*, others keep a sharp look-out for *zuits*; those are all known by the general appellation of *Mouchards*, from the name of the first man employed in that capacity by the Court of France.

Although this execrable trade is carried on under the cloak by some people of fashion, who have no other resource, the profession is nevertheless held so infamous, that no limb of the police, if known for such, is admitted into any company;

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company ; and, indeed, why should we look abroad for people to come and worm out our secrets, when our very servants are under government pay for that purpose.

The minister fees his private spies ; these have nothing to do with the Police, but the most dangerous of all, as they are not so easily discovered as the commonalty of their brethren. Is it to be instructed and to improve by what is said of them, that the minister have recourse to this method of procuring information ? By no means, statesmen are every where the same ; they want to know those whom they call enemies, because they dare judge for themselves, to silence by destroying them ; the only difference is, that in a mixed government they only wish for or attempt, whilst in despotic governments they effect it with equal ease and impunity.

LIEUTENANT DE POLICE.

This is one of the most useful magistrates of all France, though not accounted one of the ministers ; he has, perhaps, more influence in the royal closet than the first of them all. He knows so many things, that it is in his power to do a great deal of good or to occasion much mischief. The reins he holds in his hands are composed of numberless threads, which he can

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at pleasure entangle and turn into a gordian knot. He punishes or spares, gives light or darkness; in short, his authority is not less extensive than delicate in its execution.

His functions are not limited to the bear maintenance of good order. As he always receives the first information he can, and often does save from an ignominious death, or other exemplary punishments, a number of young gentlemen, who, carried away by the torrent of their unbridled passions, are guilty of robberies or even greater crimes. In this the magistrate acts from motives of humanity, as he spares to unfortunate and innocent parents the infamy which the guilt and punishment of their hapless children would bring upon the family, even to the third and fourth generation; for in this, as in many other respects, the French in general are slaves to the most cruel and unjustifiable prejudices.

But why does not the paternal care of the *Lieutenant de Police* extend itself to all ranks of citizens? Is the son of a tradesman, for instance, unworthy of the same attention? Has his father or family no honour to preserve? They may have both, but what is that to the Police? the question is, "Is the malefactor born a gentleman? does he belong to people of rank and fashion?—No—then away with him to the gallows!

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lows! The *Lieutenant de Police* in such cases, like the public officer of ancient Rome, seems to say, *de minimis non curat Prætor*, the Prætor meddles not with such trifles; thus making good the saying of the wise man of Greece, "Laws are like cobwebs, the heavy drone breaks through with great ease, the smaller fly alone remains entangled."

It is for the common prostitute that this second king of Paris has a heart of steel, unless they can come down handsomely. Three or four hundred of those wretches are taken up monthly, on the simple mandate of a Commissary (a kind of Justice of Peace or Warder, who acts under the *Lieutenant de Police*) some are sent to *Bicetre* for cure, others to hospitals, where they are put to hard labour. This is another trifle of which the *Prætor* himself takes no cognizance; he leaves it to his Secretary, and on his mittimus the poor victims of debauchery are drove away by carts full to their place of destination. No plea or argument can stay judgment, unless it is backed with a handsome present.

The *Lieutenant de Police*, or his *Clerk*, give regular audiences to all manner of people, and have a constant levee of their spies and *Mouchards*, upon whose information the magistrate regulates the plan of his operations for that day.

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If, notwithstanding the good order established and maintained by the Police, there should happen any alarming accident, either by nightly murders or otherwise, it is carefully concealed. Suicides, whose bodies were formerly drawn upon a wicker sledge, an ignominy which falls as heavy on the relations of the deceased as hanging or breaking of him on the wheel would have done, are now interred secretly by the order of the Police; nor is this done in compliment to the survivors, but merely because were the list of suicides as public here as it is in London, we should have no reason to call this frenzy *la maladie Anglaise*.

The same wise and provident precautions are taken to conceal the death of those who have been crushed under the wheels of carts, coaches, and other carriages; or killed by the accidental fall of tiles, chimney-stacks, &c. Were these unfortunate events faithfully recorded, every inhabitant would be struck with horror, and fly from so dangerous an abode. Let a stranger repair to the *Hotel-Dieu*, the *Morne*, or public bone-house; there he will see the deplorable remains of victims which daily fall a sacrifice to those numberless casualties.

HAWKERS.

After having given a cursory account of the spies and their *monarch* the *Lieutenant de Police*, I shall say a few words of a set of men on whom those birds of prey are wont to fasten their keenest talons. The business of those people is to be the itinerant beasts of burthen of literature, as the bookfellers are its *cater-pillars*; illiterate, and hardly able to read, the hawkers may be said to deal in a ware as perfectly foreign to them as the business of mixing up colours would be to the blind. They only know the price of each book from a fix-penny slice up to any amount. The Police-runners haunt them every where, and such is the latter's apprehensions of falling under the censure of the despotic magistrate, and altogether their ignorance, that some sell even prayer-books under the cloak with as much care and circumspection as if it were an immoral or political pamphlet.

Those poor harmless hawkers, who give a circulation to the clandestine works of the writers of every denomination, without being able to read a single line: who, without so much as suspecting it, are the asserters of public freedom, and with no other view than to procure

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to themselves a scanty subsistence, are the first to feel the resentment of the offended great. It would be, perhaps, if not dangerous at least impolitic, to attack the author himself; but a hawker sent to the Bastile or fastened in the public market by an iron *carcanet*, is a matter of too little importance to be noticed by the public. Will ministers never be wise enough to despise such dark assassins? make themselves invulnerable by a prudent and open administration! Let them remember, that sincere praise must be dumb, adulation alone be heard, if candid criticism cannot raise its voice. Let their resentment fall on the world of sycophants that surround them, but never stand in fear of those pamphlets, which, however libellous they may be supposed, contain now and then a few wholesome truths; besides, the world will judge between the statesman and his detractors. An unjust and ill-founded satire hardly outlives the fortnight, and then falls into deserved and general contempt.

So heavy are the shackles and restrictions laid upon the press, that nothing comes out from thence but political lies and satires; we should print nothing in this capital but posting, marriage, and interment bills; even almanacks are become too important, as literary inquisition has thought proper to meddle with those trifling

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publications ; but of this we shall treat more at large under the following head :

RESTRAINT ON THE PRESS.

Whoever opposes the freedom of the press, is a professed foe to improvement, and of course to mankind ; the very obstacles which are laid in the writer's way, are an inducement to break through all restrictions. It is in man's nature, observes *Juvenal*, " To wish for those things which are prohibited, merely because they are so." Were we permitted to enjoy even a moderate freedom, authors would seldom fall into licentiousness : it may be set down as an axiom, that the civil liberty of any nation may be estimated by the liberty of the press ; if so, we daily take new strides towards slavery, since the ministers are every day forging new fetters for the press.

What is the consequence of this unnatural restraint ? All books published here on the history, political interest, or even manners of foreign nations, are the most incompleat and despicable productions that ever disgraced a country.

If despotism could, as it were, murder our thoughts in their impenetrable sanctuary, it would effect it : but as it is out of its power to pluck

pluck out the tongue of the true philosopher, or deprive him of the use of his instructive hand, other means are employed; a state inquisition is set on foot, the boundaries of literature and all its avenues are blocked up by a world of satellites, who endeavour to interrupt all correspondence between truth and mankind. Fruitless endeavours! so preposterous an attempt against our natural and civil rights serves only to expose to public hatred the wretches who dare thus far to encroach on man's first privilege, that of thinking for himself. Reason daily gets ground, its powerful light shines to every eye, and all the witchcraft of tyranny cannot plunge it into utter darkness. In vain will despotism dread or persecute men of genius; all its efforts cannot put out the light of truth, and the sentence it awards against the injustice of men in power, shall be confirmed by indignant posterity.

Ye brave inhabitants of Great Britain! ye are strangers to our shameful slavery; never, oh never give up the freedom of the press, it is the pledge of your liberty. It may be truly said that ye are the only representatives of mankind. Ye alone have hitherto supported its dignity, and human reason, expelled from the continent, has found a safer asylum in your fortunate island, whence it spreads its rays all over the world. We are so very insignificant when
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compared to you, that you could hardly comprehend the excess of our humiliation.

If we next weigh the restraint laid on the press in the scale of commercial interest, we shall find it greatly preponderate against the trade of this metropolis. The *Graphomania* is not without its ridicules and disadvantages, but it is the chief support of different tradesmen. The *Montagne Ste. Genevieve* is peopled by hawkers, book-binders, &c. who must be starved, if not permitted to carry on the only business to which they were brought up. Meanwhile, as the desire of publishing his thoughts is common to all men, the money which would be laid out amongst our own countrymen, is paid to the printers of Holland, Flanders, and Germany.

THE BASTILLE.

As this is the end of all who dare be MEN, it is no digression to place it here immediately after the freedom of writers, since that state prison is the grave where it is sent to linger and expire. *Saint Foix*, in his *Essay on Paris*, justly observes, that though not a strong hold, the Bastille is the most formidable castle in Europe. It is impossible to say to a certainty what has been done in the Bastille; what number of persons have been or are now buried alive within
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its walls. Yet how is it possible, without that knowledge, to give a faithful history of the three last reigns. The most interesting occurrences will for ever be concealed from us; for nothing transpires from that pit of darkness, no more than from the abode of the dead. Why have not the walls a voice to inform the world of the fate that has attended the unfortunate victims of tyranny for the last and present century? The dreadful account would soon silence the flattering language of our dastardly historians.

We have, it is true, an history of the Bastille in five volumes, containing a few private anecdotes, but nothing of those transactions which most deserve the attention of a reader who wishes to be informed; not a word, in short, that can lead to the discovery of those state secrets, which are hid in a profound night. If we are to credit the author, all we can learn is, that under the ministry of *D'Argenson*, captivity was the least misfortune of the prisoners, and the treatment they met with exceeded all that inhumanity could invent to render death itself a desirable object.

Our government, milder at present than it has ever been since the reign of that God-like Prince Henry IV. has much abated of its former rigor in this as in other instances; yet as long

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as the Bastille subsists, both natives and foreigners must dread to incur the displeasure of the man in power. If the subject would admit of cavil, I could not help smiling at the different use made of the Bastille by different Princes. The French *Antoninus*, the good Henry the IVth. locked up in this place his treasure; the modern *Sardanapalus*, Louis XV. determined to cut off the tree of useful knowledge, root and branch; ordered the repository of universal science, the Encyclopedia, to be clapped in the Bastille—*risum teneatis!*

When a prisoner dies within the walls of this prison, he is buried at St. Paul's. In the middle of the night a number of turnkeys, instead of clergymen, accompany the corpse, and the staff officers of the garrison assist as witnesses to this clandestine interment. Thus the ill-fated subject finds in the grave alone a safe shelter from ministerial persecution.

The following anecdote will serve to give my readers an idea of what the Bastille is and may be, when the locks and bolts of this prison open and shut at the nod of discretionary power. At the accession of his present Majesty, his new ministers, actuated by humanity, signalized the beginning of their promising administration by an act of justice and mercy, ordering the registers of the Bastille to be laid before them,
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when a great number of prisoners were set at large.

Among them was a venerable old man, who for 47 years had remained shut up between four walls. Hardened by adversity, which steels the heart when it does not break it, he had supported his long and tedious captivity with unexampled constancy and fortitude, and he thought no more of liberty. The day is come—The door of his tomb turn upon its rusty hinges, it opens not a-jar, as usual, but as wide as for liberty, when an unknown voice acquaints him that he may now go out. He thinks himself in a dream; he hesitates, and at last ventures out with trembling steps; wonders at every thing, thinks to have travelled a great way before he reaches the outward gate. Here he stops awhile, his feeble eyes, long deprived of the sun's cheering beams, can hardly support its first light.

A coach waits for him in the streets; he gets into it, desires to be carried to such a street; but unable to support the motion of the coach, he is set down, and by the assistance of two men reaches the part of the town where he dwelt formerly; but the spot is altered, his house is no more; his wandering eye seems to interrogate every passenger, and ask him with the heart-renting accents of despondency, where

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shall I find my wife? where are my children? All in vain, the oldest man hardly remembers to have heard his name; at last a poor old decrepit porter is brought to him; this man had served in the family, but knew him not. To the gentleman's queries, however, he answered with all the indifference that accompanies the recollection of events long passed; that his lady was dead above 30 years ago in the utmost misery, and that his children were gone into foreign countries and had not been heard of for many years.

Struck with grief and astonishment, the old gentleman, with eyes rivetted to the ground, remains for some time motionless; a few tears would have eased his deep-wounded heart: but he could not weep. At last, recovering from his trance, he hastens to the minister, to whose humanity he was indebted for a liberty now grown a burthen. Sir, says he to him, send me back to my dungeon; who is it that can survive to his friends, his relations, nay, to a whole generation? Who can hear of the death of all he held dear and precious and not wish to die? All these losses, which happen to other men by gradation, and, as it were, by detail, have fallen at once upon me. Ah, Sir, it is not death that is dreadful, but to be the last survivor.

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The minister sympathised with this truly unfortunate man; care was taken of him, and the old porter given him for his servant, as he could speak with him of his wife and children, the only comfort now left for this aged son of sorrow, who lived some time retired, though in the midst of the noise and confusion of the capital. Nothing, however, could reconcile him to a world quite new for him, and to which he resolved to remain a perfect stranger, till friendly death came at last to his relief and closed his eyes in peace.

HOUSES OF CORRECTION.

Besides the Bastille and the castle of Vincennes, which are properly the privileged places of confinement for state prisoners, there are others which may be called the *corps de reserve* of tyranny. The minister, by his private *lettre de cachet*, or upon particular emergencies, sends a man to *Bicetre* or *Charenton*; the latter, indeed, is for lunatics, but a minister, who deprives a citizen of his liberty because he wills it so, may make him pass for what he pleases; besides, if the person taken up is not at that time, he will in a few months be entirely out of his senses, so that at worst it is only a kind of ministerial anticipation.

Upon any complaint laid by the parents and other relations, a young man is sent to *St. Lazare*, and sometimes will remain there till the death of the complainants, and heaven knows how fervently it is prayed for by the captive.

It must be acknowledged, that there are circumstances which render those confinements necessary; yet it were to be wished, that the imprisoning of the subject should not depend solely on the caprice of a magistrate; there should be a court of justice established to examine into those matters, and determine how far so important an act of authority is in itself justifiable.

Nevertheless, as no good or evil is perfectly without alloy, even those grievances, however heavy they may appear, are productive of some advantage to society. There are an infinite number of lesser crimes against good order, of which the tedious manner of proceeding in our courts of justice cannot take cognizance, no more than foresee and punish them, or even check their career. A bold and subtle criminal would escape through the bye paths that cross every way the wilderness of our civil law. Those of the police are more precise and to the purpose.

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LOCK-UP HOUSES.

These are of very late invention, and erected for the purpose of keeping the streets clear from beggars, and that the eye may be no longer hurt by the shocking contrast of extreme wretchedness crawling by the side of luxury. Those mendicants are thrown into dark and filthy mansions; habitual idleness, bad nourishment, their forlorn situation, the great number of their fellow sufferers, heaped up together in a narrow confined space; all these causes, each of which is a kind of death, soon brings a real one upon them.

Whatever be the pretence of these establishments, of which inhumanity alone could trace and execute the plan; they militate against nature, the civil laws, a wise politic, and religion itself. This reflection has, no doubt, been powerfully felt by a lady, who, whilst her husband was at the head of the finances, never solicited his favour but for distressed innocence and the industrious poor, an honour to her sex, the boast of her country, and the delight of all her acquaintance; or, to sum up the whole, and even exceed all praise in two words, Madame NECKER has made it for some years her business to remedy the moral evil hitherto complained of,

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of, by building houses for the reception of the necessitous, where industry shall be properly encouraged, and indigence relieved in a manner equally comfortable and strictly consonant with humanity's sacred rules.

P R I S O N S.

The provident law seizes equally upon the innocent and guilty, when such a step is necessary to bring villainy to light and condign punishment: but as imprisonment is of itself a grievous afflictive pain, it ought to be softened in the best manner possible. To secure a man, is it necessary to endanger his health, cast him into a horrid dungeon, to linger away a life of horror, surrounded on all sides by a gang of villains whose very sight is a torment?

If upon suspicion, and only for the greater safety of society at large, it is requisite to seize upon and secure a citizen, let him not be exposed to the mercy of an avaricious gaoler; let him not, when torn from his family and friends, be confounded with those who are doomed to an ignominious death; for after all, a man thus imprisoned may prove innocent.

The hardships of such a situation is most keenly felt here, where the goals are confined and un-

unwholesome, where the prisoners breathe the most infectious air; if he would be by himself he must pay sixty livres per month for a private hole, not above ten feet square; every kind of necessaries fetch there a double price, and one would imagine, that a heavy tax is laid upon the prison, in order to encrease the wretchedness of its devoted inhabitants.

The police within these horrid habitations is kept by the turnkeys, assisted by large mastiffs, so congenial with the former, that it is not easy to decide, which of them all is the compleatest brute. These pupils, worthy of such masters, are obedient to their every nod; and as they are well taught, at the first signal of their chiefs they throttle a prisoner, and force him back to his dungeon.

A little narrow but very thick door opens two hundred times an hour, to let in whatever is needful for the prisoners, there being no other entrance.

The *cachots*, otherwise black or condemned holes, present to the affrighted eye an epitome of all the human miseries, heaped up together. The most abandoned debauchery reigns there uncontrouled, and the idle villain is daily practising new crimes. The few wretches who linger within these subterraneous abodes, are called *Pailleux*, from the straw which is their
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only bed—But let me here drop the pencil, humanity shudders even at this feeble sketch of real misery and wretchedness.

Yet before we quit this woeful place let us take notice of one horror more. At the very entrance, the first object that wounds the eye is a coffin, common to all to carry off the dead corpses, one by one, except the deceased are of so slim a size as to be crammed together two and two. It is made up of very thick and solid boards, so far indeed that the common bier of the Chatelet has been in use for above four-score years; and yet this very sight which appals humanity is the most comfortable prospect of the unfortunate victims for which it is destined, and they jocosely call it amongst themselves the *Pye-crust*.

O ye whom we miscall savages! inhabitants of the most northern parts of America, ye are said to feed on the flesh of your conquered foes, but you are humane and gentle, and your deeds are commendable, when compared to the frightful pictures my indignant but faithful pencil could draw, to the eternal shame of our boasted humanity and refinement; if we have any it is in being more barbarous than yourselves.

Yet hold—some comfort is in prospect, mercy and mildness sit on the throne, the paternal care of our new monarch is awakened, and an edict

edict is preparing to relieve that unhappy part of his subjects, who may have provoked the laws to justice, but not to barbarity !

SENTENCE OF DEATH.

After a prisoner has seen death under so many forms, when his soul is in a manner withered, his spirit exhausted, and life is grown a burthen, the sentence that ends his sufferings should, it seems, be most welcome to him—it would be so, were not our laws more calculated to torture the body than simply to punish the criminal. A man who pays the forfeit of his life to the injured laws of his country, has, in the eyes of reason, more than sufficiently atoned for his crime, but here industrious cruelty has devised the most barbarous means of avenging the wrongs done to society, and the breaking the bones of a wretch on a cross, twisting his mangled body round the circumference of a wheel, are inventions worthy of the fertile brains of a *Phalaris*, and shew to the fullest demonstration, that such inhuman laws were more levelled against the man, than the crime for which he is doomed to suffer.

Did the murderer, shulking in the woods, ever thought of inflicting such horrid torments on the victims of his thirst after a paltry ore ; he

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gives the fatal blow, but dreads to face the object of his crime; he kills at once, and flies from the bloody spot, a prey to his remorse: whilst justice, more cruel by far, tells, with unclouded brow, for the space of twenty-four hours, the horrid groans of the wretch who dies, as it were, by inches, amidst the most agonizing tortures.

EXECUTIONER.

The executioner in Paris enjoys a revenue of no less than 18,000 livres; his figure is perfectly well known to the populace, he is for them the greatest tragedian. Whenever he exhibits, they crowd round his temporary stage, our very women, even those, whose rank and education should inspire with the mildest sentiments, are not the last to share in those horrid spectacles. I have seen some of those *delicate* creatures, whose fibres are so tender, so easily shaken, who faint at the sight of a spider, look unconcerned on the execution of *Damiens*, and be the last to avert their eyes, from the most dreadful punishment that ever was devised to avenge an offended monarch.

The *Bourreau*, though the last, and by his employment stigmatized with ignominy, has no badge to distinguish him from the rest of
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the citizens; and in this particular, I think, the Police very deficient, especially when he executes the dreadful commands of the law. It is not only ridiculous, it is shocking in the extreme, to see him ascend the ladder: his head dressed and profusely powdered, a laced coat, silk stockings, and a pair of as elegant pumps as ever set off the foot of the most refined *petit-maitre*. Should he not be clad in garments more suitable to the minister of death? What is the consequence of so gross an absurdity? A populace, not overburthened with the feelings of sympathy, are all taken up with admiration for the handsome cloaths and person of *Charles Break-bones* (nickname given to the executioner). Their attention is engrossed by the genteel behaviour and appearance of this deputy of the monarch of terrors: they have hardly a thought to bestow upon the malefactor, not one on his sufferings, and of course the intention of the law is frustrated; the dreadful example meant to frighten vice from its criminal course has no effect on the minds of the spectator, much more attentive to the point-ruffles, and the rich cloaths of the man, whose appearance should concur in adding to the solemnity, than to the awful memento set up by a dire necessity, to enforce the practice of virtue by shewing, that he who lives in crimes must die in infamy.

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The executioner, from the stigma inherent to his profession, and of course to himself, cannot look out for alliances among the other ranks of citizens. The very populace, though as well versed in the history of the hangman and malefactors, as people of a more refined education are with the sovereigns of Europe and their ministers, would think it a disgrace to intermarry with his family to the latest generation. It is not many years since the *Bourreau* of Paris publicly advertised, that he was ready to bestow the hand of his daughter, with a portion of one hundred thousand crowns, in favour of any native Frenchman who would accept of it, and agree to succeed him in business; the latter clause would have staggered avarice itself, and *Charley* was obliged to follow the former practice of his predecessors in office, and marry his heiress to a provincial executioner. These gentlemen, in humble imitation of our bishops, take their surnames from the cities where they are settled, and among themselves it is *Monsieur of Paris*, *Monsieur of Rouen*, &c. &c.

I cannot dismiss this article without observing the impropriety of having the felons executed in the very center of the capital; the renters of the *Place de Greve*, who have lent their money to government, are witness three or four times a month of the sad spectacle, and their ears
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grated with the dismal groans of the tortured malefactor. But as I have had occasion to remark, the code of our criminal laws is so entangled, that a new one ought to be settled, to give to this part of our legislature that appearance which distinguishes the operation of justice from the atrocious deeds of a blood-thirsty tyrant.

I shall conclude this chapter by the following narrative, the fact is now recent in every man's memory, and may serve as a lesson to all judges, not to be too hasty in admitting circumstantial evidence as an irrefragable proof of guilt.

About seventeen years ago a country girl left her peaceable home to come to the capital, and as her misfortune would have it was hired by a man who was tainted with all those vices that disgrace humanity. She was handsome, and soon kindled in her master's bosom a passion which nothing but enjoyment could allay. But he solicited in vain, virtue fenced her on every side. She had not been long enough in Paris to have entirely shaken off the *romantic* notions of innocence, which she had imbibed in a parent's humble cottage—Disappointed love despairs and pines away—but the lustful man knows no bounds, and as the only sentiment that actuates him is brutality, if he is frustrated in his criminal attempts, rage and hatred take
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the place of his wanton desires—it was here the case—foiled in his expectation, he bent all his thoughts on revenge, and devised the most diabolical one that hell-born villainy alone could have imagined.

Having found means to open, by a false key, a box belonging to the ill-fated girl, he secretly lodged therein a great quantity of his property, such as plate, &c. marked with his name—then privately sent for a *Commissaire*, complained of his being robbed, requesting he would instantly search the house. The girl with all the candour of conscious innocence was the first to offer her box—it was ransacked, and the supposed stolen goods were found artfully concealed under the cloaths—She was apprehended: her very surprise construed into a silent proof of her guilt, and she, after a short trial, sentenced to be hanged.

Providence, however, seemed to interfere: the hangman, a novice in his profession, performed the operation in a bungling manner; she was hanged, but not strangled. The surgeon, who had bought the body, took it home, but soon, to his great surprise, found that she had some life remaining; he gave her all the assistance his art could afford, and in a few minutes recovered her entirely.

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The poor girl was not *re-hanged*, as falsely asserted in the *Journal de Paris*, but by the advice of a priest, whom the careful surgeon had sent for, she retired to the country, under the protection of a lady well known for her humanity and benevolence.

Mean while the affair transpired, and the monster, by a timely flight, escaped his deserved fate. It is said that he is now in England, where, in the capacity of a French teacher, he earns a tolerable livelihood. Oh, why does not the Almighty in his wisdom imprint on the cheek of such villains, in characters of blood, this useful caution: BEHOLD A MURDERER! Yet the wretch of whom we speak here, is even worse than the assassin, since the wounds he gives are not only mortal to the body, but to that which is more precious than life, I mean, honour and a good name.

But enough—indeed too much of these horrid descriptions; let us drop the veil, and humanity dry up her tears, whilst I endeavour to amuse my readers with some Parisian peculiarities.

RETAILERS OF NEWS.

A groupe of news-mongers, in deep debate on the political interests of Europe, standing in
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the shady walks of the Luxembourg, present to the eye a most curious picture. They dispose of kingdoms, regulate the finances of sovereigns, and, in the twinkling of an eye, march whole armies from north to south.

Each of them is tenacious of his opinion, and swears, right or wrong, to the truth of his assertion. But lo! the last comer contradicts every thing that has been said. The same, who triumphed in the morning, finds himself totally routed at seven in the evening; but the next day, at the Sanhedrim of those wise politicians, the last night's informant gains a compleat victory. All the bloody operations of war become an object of amusement for the old, idle, talkative fools, and engross the whole of their conversation.

What ought to astonish a sensible mind, is the profound and shameful ignorance of all those news-mongers on the character, strength, and political situation of the English nation.

It is true, that, under the slated roof of the rich and great, no better notions are entertained in general. The French treat the English, when they are not present, in a tone of superiority, haughtiness, and contempt, which must make a sensible hearer lament the folly of the cowardly detractors. The Parisians stand the strongest example of a people obedient to national prejudices. They believe in the *Gazette de France*, which

with as implicit a faith as any article of their religious creed, tho it serves only to propagate the most impudent falsehoods, and calmly palm them upon the indignant world, yet the Parisians swear by no other; it is their only political gospel. They will seriously maintain, that it is in the power of their grand monarch to subdue England at his mighty pleasure; and assert, that if a descent is not made in London, it is because the ministers are not willing to do it, from causes better known to themselves; nay, they go so far as to suppose, that they might prevent that nation from navigating on the river Thames. All these impertinencies are daily uttered by persons from whom one has least reason to expect them. Hear them talking on other subjects, you will find them sensible and even profound; but when England is mentioned, one would readily conclude, that they have neither judgment, knowledge, nor reading. They have not the least idea of its constitution, and they speak of it as a critic, who does not understand English, comments upon *Shakespeare*. These foolish assertions deserve only the contemptuous smile of men who are better informed. The great misfortune is, that these absurd opinions are not confined to the lower class of people. Persons of rank, nay, men of letters themselves are not, in that respect, unlike the *news-mongers*.

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The following trait will give my readers some idea of that national prejudice, which our good Parisians entertain against the English in general.

A citizen of the *Rue Cordelières*, was assiduously attentive to the ravings of an Abbé, a sworn enemy of the English. This Abbé charmed and delighted the old gentleman by his vehement declamations. He was for ever repeating, “ we must raise *thirty thousand men*, embark *thirty thousand men*, land *thirty thousand men*, this operation will perhaps cost *thirty thousand men*, but we shall possess ourselves of London, and what is the loss of thirty thousand men to complete so glorious an expedition ?”

This was his daily, and you will own, good reader, very *sensible* argument ; in fact, he had no other to urge—Some months after, his gaping admirer fell sick, and on his death-bed remembered his dear Abbé, whom he could no longer expect to hear : but the Abbé had predicted the approaching and infallible destruction of England, by means of *thirty thousand men*. To give him therefore a testimony of his sincere gratitude (for this good man hated the English without knowing wherefore), he left him a legacy, couched in the following words : “ I will and bequeath to the Abbé *thirty thousand men*, twelve hundred livres a-year. I do not know him by any other name ; but he is a good patriot, who
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has asserted at the Luxembourg, that the English, that odious nation, who dethrone their sovereigns, will soon be destroyed."

On the deposition of many witnesses, who attested that such was the surname of the Abbé, who frequented the Luxembourg from time immemorial, and that he had always shewn himself a faithful antagonist of those fierce republicans, the legacy was paid him.

Were it possible to print all that is said in Paris, in the course of only one day, it must be confessed that it would be a very strange compilation. What a heap of contradictions! The idea alone provokes risibility.

A B B E S.

As in the foregoing article we have mentioned the word *Abbé*, and as I have the presumption to suppose, that my work may be translated, I think it necessary to give some account of that heterogeneous being.

Paris is full of them. True clerical drones, they serve neither the church nor the state, and live in the most excessive idleness. Robinson Crusoe observes, that a robust body, which would have made an excellent porter, was often spoiled, by concealing his manly limbs under a black gown. But Robin-

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son Crusoe was a savage; had he had the *happiness* of being born at Paris, he would have changed his note.

In most houses you will find an Abbé, who is styled the *Friend*, though in reality he is no more than a dignified valet, who commands over the livery servants; is also the humble servant of *Madame*; assists at her toilet; and without doors, directs the affairs of *Monsieur*; and often acts the honorable part of pander to his patron. That personage is tamely subservient to the will and caprice of his protectors during a number of years, with the only view of having his name entered on the list of church-livings.

They at length succeed, and receive, after years, the dear bought reward of their servility: meanwhile they enjoy a good table, with other trifling advantages to be met with in the abode of opulence.

The lady's maid informs them of every thing that passes; they know all the secrets of the master, the mistress, and the servants.

Next come the preceptors; these are also abbés. In great families they are scarcely distinguished from the menial servants. During the course of young master's education, however, they have a small portion of attention paid them; as soon as it is finished, they are presented with a trifling pension, or a living is procured for them; they

they are then dismissed, without farther reward or ceremony. The little esteem that they enjoy, is a reason why they are so indifferent for the improvement of their pupils; but how is it to be supposed, that fifty pounds sterling a-year is a sufficient recompence for the education of a young man, the most difficult and uncertain of all tasks. Besides, *nemo dat quod non habet*; it must be a man of superior abilities, who can really open the mind to receive instruction, and who can correct an ungrateful and perverse nature.

Here are also, under the denomination of abbés, many nondescripts, without either band or other insignia of the clerical profession, dressed in a Prussian coat with gold buttons, their hat under their arm, strut about with heads most impertinently dressed, and give themselves the most effeminate airs. Pillars of the theatres and of coffee-houses; bad compilers of worthless pamphlets, or *doers* of satirical extracts; it may be asked how they can belong to the church? for those alone who serve the altar have a right to be called ecclesiastics. They nevertheless usurp the name, because they now and then wear the clerical habit when it can suit their purpose.

To the great scandal of religion this is suffered; but why, I know not. Yet, true it is,
that

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that without the least pretence to that distinction, whoever likes it may wear the cassock. It is more in fashion than ever, as it is the cheapest wear, gives the bearer an air of distinction, and does not, as formerly, exclude him from visiting certain places which were once shut against the clergy. It was not permitted to the real or pretended Abbés, twenty-five years ago, to visit a *Lais*; the prostitute who laid an information against them before the Commissary, had fifty livres, which were paid by the Bishop. This odious inquisition, which united the double vice of perfidy and shame, no longer exists.

COFFEE-HOUSES.

There are in this capital between six and seven hundred coffee-houses, the common refuge of idleness and poverty, where the latter is warmed without any expence for fuel, and the former entertained by hearing every thing that is said and gazing at the crowds who make their entrance and exit by turns, that is, in other words, seeing an hundred new faces in an hour. In other countries, where liberty is more than an empty name, a coffee-house is the rendezvous of politicians, who freely canvass the conduct of the minister, or debate on matters of state.

state. Not so here!—I have already given a very good reason, why the Parisians are sparing of their political reflexions. If they speak at all on state matters, it is to extol the power of their sovereign, and the wisdom of his counsellors. A half starved author, or a powdered Bias, with all his wardrobe and moveables on his back, dining there on a dish of coffee and a halfpenny roll, talks big of the immense resources of his country, and the great plenty of every necessary of life, whilst his only supper is the steam arising from the rich man's house, as he returns to his empty garret.

The most important points which engross the conversation, are of a far different nature. Authors are arraigned before the arcopagus that sits there in judgment. Here the speakers may talk about and about it without having any thing to apprehend from the spies, provided they do not take part against those writers whose works have been stigmatised by the literary inquisitors. The productions that they are at liberty to canvass, approve, or condemn, consist of dramatic pieces, weekly or monthly magazines. On these criticism may, and does feed, even to surfeit. Those who have just entered the lists of literature, stand in dread of this awful tribunal, where a dozen of grim-looking critics deal out reputation by wholesale.

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fale. Woe to the young poet, to the new actor or actress, they are often all of them sentenced without trials, cat-calls, destined to grate their affrighted ears, are manufactured here over a dish of chocolate.

Our brave ancestors used to resort to taverns and public-houses for the pleasure of meeting together in a social manner; they kept up this good humour, their temper was not soured yet, nor their spirit broken, as ours are ever since the encroaching hand of despotism has *clapped a padlock* on our lips; nothing is seen but clouded and vacant countenances, or if they express any thing, it is that uneasiness and anxiety which springs from the dread every man stands in of his neighbour.

Though I ascribe this very fatal alteration mostly to our political shackles, I am of opinion, that the change of liquor may be set down for the natural cause of that almost universal dejection. Our forefathers drank that mirth-inspiring liquor which Burgundy and Champaign supplied them with. This gave life to their meetings—Ours are more sober no doubt, but is that sobriety the companion of health—by no means—to the generous wine we have substituted a black beverage, bad in itself, but worse by the manner it is made in all the coffee-houses of this fashionable metropolis. But the good Parisians

Parisians are very careless about the matter; they swallow what is put before them, and quaff down this baneful wash, which in its turn is droven down by a more deadly poison, mistakenly called cordials.

ORDINARIES.

Those of the Parisians who are single, and can afford to pay for a better dinner than a coffee-house wash, resort to the *Table d'Hotes*, or Ordinaries. If the former may be called the abode of dulness, the latter are certainly the temple of gluttony. It is the misfortune of a stranger to be obliged to put up with the fare commonly served up in these places. I say his misfortune, because he is often exposed to pay for a dinner, and in reality to have none.

This is a mystery which I shall disclose for the benefit of those foreigners who may chance to cast their eye on this article.

Yet the behaviour of my *polite* countrymen in this circumstance, militates so strongly against the received opinion of our courtliness and civility, that I blush to be compelled to acknowledge, that at ordinaries they shew more appetite than good breeding—The greater the reason I have to undeceive those who intend to visit this capital—There is always at the *Tables*

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d'Hotes

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d'Hotes a set of regular customers, whose complaisant stomach digests as fast as their devouring jaws can supply its unconscionable cravings. These modern *Milos* who, if they cannot like the Crotonian of old, kill an ox with no other weapon than their fist, would prove a match for him in point of eating it up, divide amongst themselves the whole spoil of the table, and leave to their visitors what they cannot consume.—Woe then to the modest stranger—woe to those who are slow at their meals—placed between those cormorants, they will have soon reason to curse them as heartily as ever *Sancho Panca* did his physician. The table will be cleared before they have had time to look about. In vain will they call back the waiters; these fellows, whose ears are waxed, mind neither entreaties nor menaces.—The only advice I can give to those who mean to visit these eating-houses is, to learn the useful art of eating. If they are naturally well bred, let them forget their good manners at the door, for if they do not help themselves, they run the chance of not being served at all.

The above is not, however, the most disagreeable circumstance attending those motley crews, there are others more disgusting to those who have an aversion for lascivious discourses,
and

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and who with the English poet, and indeed all honest men hold it as an axiom that,

“Want of decency, is want of sense.”

Those cannibals, who are blessed with *ostrichian* stomachs, have all the garrulity and talkativeness of magpies, and often having dined for themselves and for you, will stun your ears with their loquacity, and wound your feelings by the most undelicate language.

Hear then, O stranger, whom chance, business, or too good an opinion of this place and its inhabitants, compel or induce to leave your country and friends, avoid the *Tables d'Hotes*, if possible, the least evil that can attend your frequenting them is, to be at short allowance; there are moral evils, which, in such places, soon become epidemic—avoid them, he that entered it with innocence, often retires with guilty thoughts in his mind. Keep yourself to yourself, and if you would be comfortable, send for your dinner from the next *Traiteur*, you will be well served, and have value for your money.—

FILLES DE JOYE.

This is but too common a transition, good reader, from the place where I left you last; as

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I write

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I write for your information, let no one be alarmed at the title of this chapter, I talk of an evil, but I mean none.

Women of this stamp are not the most dangerous of their sex. Hypocrisy does not enter in the catalogue of their vices. They never can occasion such mischiefs as that cunning wanton, hanging out the false colours of love and modesty; most of the former deserve our pity, the latter our hate and indignation.

Too frequent a commerce with those unfortunate wretches is productive of this evil, that most of our young men take nearly the same liberties with the real modest women, and almost treat them in the same manner, so that in this pretended refined age, love is but another word for lust and brutality.

Our principals of gallantry so widely differ from the simplicity and candour of our forefathers, that our conversation with the most respectable women keep hardly within the bounds of common delicacy. Scandalous anecdotes, impure witticism, plain *double entendre*, constitute two thirds of our *propos galant*. It is high time to put a stop to this licentiousness: this consummation so devoutly to be wished, must be the work of women; let them shew a proper resentment, and the most petulant coxcomb will either fly the presence of a virtuous fair,
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and then so much the better for her sex, or she will make a convert, and thus benefit society.

Indeed, so desirable an alteration cannot take place too soon, it is almost impossible for the boldest imagination to conceive another degree beyond the present corruption of our morals, from the highest to the lowest rank of people, Paris is a compleat Babylon.

Upon a moderate computation there are in Paris 30,000 impures of the lower class, and about 10,000 more *decently indecent*, known by the name of *filles entretenues* (kept ladies), who are in reality a transferable stock, and yearly made over from one master to the other; they were formerly called *femmes amoureuses*, and *filles folles de leur corps*. It is a gross misnomer, these venal beauties are not *amorous*, and if they play the fool with themselves, those who frequent them are still more insane.

Yet the police single out their female spies from among those prostitutes; its agents lay them under the heaviest contributions, and shew themselves more contemptible than the meanest of the Messalinian tribe; yes, there are in this metropolis, beings more vile than the most abandoned street-walker, and this *thing* is a police runner.

As we have before observed, great number of those wretches are taken up by night, in so
arbitrary

arbitrary a manner, that a political speculator cannot but condemn, as highly derogatory to the respect due to the domestic asylum, to the weakness of the sex, and as likely to be productive of evil consequences to some of these unfortunate victims of men's innate villainy.

They are carried to the goal of the *Rue St. Martin*, and on the last Friday of every month they pass muster before the Police, that is to say, they hear on their knees the sentence that condemns them to be imprisoned in the *Salpêtrière* (House of Correction); they are allowed neither attorney nor council, and inferior despotism, the worse of all tyrannies, pronounce their due!

The next day they are cramped into an open cart, all of them standing, some weep, some cover their faces, whilst others more inured to infamy, receive and retort the insults of an unruly populace in the most indecent language. This scandalous shew goes through the town in the day-time, and both the behaviour and language of these women is a fresh breach of public decency. The matrons and the better, that is, the wealthiest amongst them, by coming down handsomely, enter into articles of capitulation, and are allowed *covered waggons*.

Without any exaggeration, the money spent upon all women of that class, may be estimated
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at fifty millions of livres per annum, whilst the whole amount of the monies applied to charitable uses is rated at three millions only, a disproportion that opens a wide and distressful theme for speculation. But what above all must deeply wound every reflecting mind is, that prostitution is become an unavoidable and almost necessary evil. If that baneful source should be stopt 20,000 wretches must starve, as their manual of work could hardly suffice to feed and cloath them. O ye legislators, here is room for meditation, even to madness!

GALLANTRY.

This is the trifling toy, which has taken the place of that honourable love, that subsisted amongst us till within this century.

Love, properly speaking, is now, at least in Paris, no more than a kind of tempered libertinism, which captivates our senses without tyrannizing over reason or duty, equally distant from the debauchery and excessive tenderness—decent where it can be so, and delicate even in inconstancy.

Our women seem to encourage that kind of *nonchalance* in love affairs, by their own example. The word is now, love till you are weary, and change before disgust comes on—a pretty, or at least,

least, easy kind of philosophy, deeply inforced by practice; so far indeed, that I wish our laws would expunge from the criminal code, the article *Rape*, as there are no *Lucretias* now a-days, and that no man would take the trouble of being a *Tarquinius*.—Free and easy is the motto of both sex, and if this alteration in our manners does no honour to our morals, it must be owned, at least, that if we are not the most passionate, we have an exclusive right to be stiled the most indolent of all people.

Love amongst us, therefore, cannot be called the tyrant of the heart; and, perhaps, it is so much the better for us, as careless love cannot be productive of so many crimes as have been the consequence of that passion, when carried to excess; but at the same time, it argues the loss of many virtues in both sexes—and where lies the fault? Why is not the fair sex as amiable now, and as capable of inspiring a respectful and lasting passion?—Because they have forfeited our esteem.

W O M E N.

The observation of Jean Jacques Rousseau, is but too well founded, when he says, that our women, who have by degrees crept into all public places, and daily mix with the other sex,

sex, have taken the haughtiness, the looks, and the very gait of the latter.

Paris is full of women who say, like *Ninon de l'Enclos*, "I have made myself a man"; the consequence is, that the homage we now pay to the fair, is both equivocal and affronting.

The writer above quoted has been so severe upon the Parisian ladies, and his arguments are so well supported, that I dare not contradict him, lest any apology in their favour should only serve as a foil to set off his reasoning.—He is of opinion, however, that one may find a friend amongst them—Yes, there are some whose good sense will make them capable of *friendship*, but in love they are all alike, fickle, inconstant, and more given to sensuality than capable of the nobler refinements of a passion which, if not founded on self-esteem, is the disgrace of mankind.

Lord Chesterfield, after having bestowed on our ladies the most fulsome and unmerited praise, becomes at last a convert to truth, and concludes by whispering to his son, that they may be looked upon as so many over-grown babes, who should be amused with two toys: galantry and adulation.

The ladies amongst us have lost the most endearing qualities of their sex, bashfulness, simplicity of manners, and delicacy of sentiment.

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They have made up this irreparable loss by a lively imagination, and the graces both of language and manners: they are more sought after, but less respected; we are attached to them without trusting to their love. But as they advance in years, they are despised and forlorn, and their only resource is, to become religious, run from church to church, hear every sermon, visit no one but their father confessor, and think themselves the only phoenix of their sex, after having been perhaps a disgrace to it, and thus end in hypocrisy, a life idly spent in wantonness and dissipation.

S E P A R A T I O N S.

This is the end of most marriages amongst us. We are not allowed the divorce, but our laws permit a separation, which in itself is worse than the former, since it renders so many beings totally useless to society, when they go not so far as to be a disgrace to it; the latter, indeed, is mostly the case: our passions being the same, and having no lawful excuse to indulge it by a mere separation, we follow, without restraint, the impulse of nature, and being neither married nor yet single, the parties are at liberty to do as they please, and a separation, mostly founded on misconduct, legitimates in a manner a continuance of the same.

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There are two sorts of separations, one by law, and the other by mutual consent; the former is not so common perhaps, because it must be purchased, and sometimes, after a husband has spent a great deal of money, to expose his own and his wife's infamy, the award of the law is not given in his favour. As for separation by mutual consent, it often takes place before the honey-moon is over, or after *Madame* has given an heir to the family; it continues until the parties are tired of it. In this sense most of our married people may be said to be in a constant state of separation. They live, it is true, under the same roof, but are in a manner strangers to each other, and might be a hundred miles asunder, were it not to save appearances.

MARRIAGEABLE GIRLS.

The number of antiquated maidens who have passed the proper age for marriage is incredible, because nothing is so difficult as to bring about such an alliance, not so much for its being an engagement for life, as on account of the previous ceremony of depositing in the hands of a notary the requisite marriage-portion. Ugly ones we have in plenty, they are passed by unnoticed, unless they can redeem that natural

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defect by a heavy purse ; and even without this assistance, those to whom nature has been most partial, can hardly find a husband. It were well to revive in Paris a custom which prevailed amongst the Babylonians. All the marriageable girls were, at a certain time of the year, assembled in the market-place, the youth of the other sex came there to purchase, and of course bid for the handsomest, and the money they deposited was afterwards employed to portion the ugly and forlorn.

Marriage is now looked upon as an unsupportable yoke ; celibacy, as a life of ease and quiet. The maids, or to speak more clearly, the unmarried girls in the middling rank, are very common. Several of them join in society, make a common stock of their fortunes, and sink the capital to enjoy a more comfortable revenue. This voluntary abnegation and anti-conjugal system, from a sex whose first inclination ought to be for marriage, is not perhaps the least conspicuous of our peculiarities.

Amongst the Lacedemonians the married women assembled every year, and in the Temple of Venus severely flogged the celibatarians of their sex. What would *Lycurgus* say now, were he to see our reputed maidens fly from the altar of Hymen, prefer celibacy, become the
panegyrist

panegyrist of that solitary life, and live in a kind of masculine freedom, a liberty which at no time, and in no country, was ever the privilege of their sex.

What is the consequence of this strange perversion of order? People of fortune, who live single, or marry too late, beget no children: the poor, who venture boldly on matrimony, but too soon have large families; so that all the wealth of the country remains in the hands of a few; and those have less who want most.

Our private societies are disgraced by those old maids, who have disdained the respectable title of wives and mothers. They carry their useless and worn-out carcases from house to house; but do they expect those kind of non-entities to usurp, or even share in the esteem and regard which are due to a mother of a family, surrounded by a numerous offspring? They ought on the contrary to meet every where with the most contemptuous treatment, the more so, as they are generally more peevish, ill-natured, and covetous, than any woman who is or has been married. The virtues of their sex they neither know nor practice, but they exceed them all in those vices and ridicules that beggar the contempt of every rational being.

REPUGNANCE FOR MARRIAGE.

Whilst so many maidens enjoy the most unbounded and licentious freedom, which does not even turn to the increase of population, what shall we say of that almost infinite number of young girls who under the care of their austere parents are by their indigence, or foolish pride, doomed to an eternal celibacy? Are they not on the brink of the abyss, and will they not sooner or later fall a prey to melancholy or libertinism?

Beauty and virtue are valued at nought, unless they are set off by something far more precious than either—a large portion. There certainly must be a constitutional defect in our laws, since man dreads to enter into the most desirable engagement. Frightened at the heavy charges which the title of husband must bring upon him, he refuses to pay this natural tribute to his ungrateful or at least abused country.

Either women have acted wrong and against their own interest in encouraging luxury, or else we have reached the last degree of corruption. No one will take a wife without a fortune because he must support her extravagancies, and this very thought is sufficient to inspire him with a kind of antipathy for the indissoluble

Iuble bond which he ties with a visible reluctance.

But how should we be surprised at the number of celibatarians of both sexes, when we consider that in Paris all manner of vices prevail, and are no where indulged at an easier rate. How could a sensible man, who reflects on the dissipated life of our women, the contempt they shew for their most essential duties, not be hurt, and dread the consequence of entering into a state, the butt of ridicule, and in which he can find no redress from the law until his wrongs are publicly known, and that nothing more can be added to his disgrace?

Amongst the numberless causes of our antimatrimonial inclinations, the effrontery of our married women certainly holds the first rank. Piqued at seeing the success of the courtizans, who engross the whole of our dissipated youths of fashion, they form a kind of middling state between the prostitute and the modest woman, they hide all the vices of the former under the latter's cloak, and of course are by far more dangerous; nay, profligacy is come to such a pitch in this metropolis, that women, forgetting the amicable modesty, which alone gives value to their charms, and keeps up our desire, act impudently the lover's part. These are disagreeable

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able truths, yet I do not exaggerate—they are only in *miniature*.

Y O U N G M I S S E S.

How could the fair sex escape that general corruption which we have but too just a reason to lament? A young girl can hardly stammer a few inarticulate accents, when her provident mother reads her the first lecture of self-conceit and coquetry. There is nothing so ridiculous as our dolls of five or six years old; at that age Miss is no more a child. In public walks they already appear pinched up in the stiff attire of fifteen. It is curious enough to see them strut about and torture their little bodies to imitate the gait of the grown ladies, their very looks and appearance; giving to their hoops, much bigger than themselves, all those fashionable motions which they copy from their mamma. How such absurdities must shock a thinking man who reflects on their dangerous consequences! The good mamma or governess, who walks behind her hopeful pupil or child, seems in raptures at the *great* airs of the *little* thing, and now and then, by way of encouragement, tells her, in a consequential tone, “Come, miss, hold up your head, here comes your little husband.” The consequence is obvious; they acquire

quire by degrees that art, which they display afterwards to the ridicule and often the scandal of their sex, of substituting grimace and affectation to those natural graces which are hardly to be met with now-a-days, at least amongst what is called the *beau-monde* of this metropolis.—But as a picture cannot please without variety, let us leave the great for awhile and mix with the croud.

SUNDAYS AND HOLYDAYS.

These solemn days are only known to the populace. The drinking places, such as the *Courtille*, *Porcherons*, and *Nouvelle France*, are full of visitors, who come there to allay their thirst at a cheaper rate than they can do it in Paris, where the wine pays such heavy duties that it is almost double the price to what it is without the gates.

There still remains amongst the lower class of people some faint relish for religious worship; they go to mass, but as for evening prayers they are entirely out of fashion; perhaps because the frequenters of churches must either hear a tedious sermon and stand all the while, or pay for the hire of a chair a certain price, which is always in proportion to the real or supposed merit of the preacher. Thus the temples are

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deserted,

deserted, except on those grand festivals where the pomp of gaudy pageants and ceremonies excite curiosity by the display of an empty show, the idol of every Frenchman.

Hence are those days, sacred to religion, turned to the vilest purposes; and it may be here observed, that in all the Roman Catholic countries the Sunday is almost every where a day of confusion and irrational mirth. Fourteen holydays have been lately erased from the long catalogue of those which were celebrated annually. So much deduced from drunkenness and the vilest debauchery.

An honest cobbler seeing on a Thursday a soldier so drunk that, having fallen near a post in the street, he could not find strength enough to get up again; poor Crispin, after viewing him for some time, "Alas! said he, next Sunday I shall be in the same condition; but to get drunk in the middle of the week, not being a holyday, is an unpardonable crime;" and so saying went on his way, without offering the least assistance to the soldier.

People of fashion are seldom seen in public on those days. They never make their appearance in any of the walking places, much less at the play-houses; it is the day of the *Canaille*, and they enjoy it undisturbed. The most worn out entertainments are given at the theatres, and
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the better sort of actors would scorn to play to the motely audience; they leave that drudgery to those, who from their occupation of taking up the part of a comedian who is indisposed, are called *Doublures*, and these are good enough for that class of people, for whom the oldest play has all the merit of a new one.

CARNIVAL.

Besides the Sundays and other holydays, Martinmas, Twelfth-Day, and Shrove-Tuesday, are kept with unusual solemnity, if this name can be given to all those excesses which spring from gluttony and drunkenness. On the eve of those great days, a poor labouring man in Paris will sell his shirt to purchase a goose or a turkey. The latter is generally called *the Cobbler's Lark*, from the great destruction made by the inferior class of people amongst that specie of poultry, which, from the great demands on those particular days, are most extravagantly dear: but no matter for that, the Parisians are bigotted to their old customs, and most tenacious of them when eating and drinking is the theme.

The carnival lasts near six weeks. There are not, as formerly, such a number of masks parading about the streets, either because the

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people have no further relish for a kind of amusement that requires the greatest freedom, of which we only know the name, or rather perhaps on account of their excessive poverty, which compels them to economise even to stinginess, in order to provide the bare necessaries for themselves and families. On the three last days, however, the Police, ever attentive to keep up the appearance of public ease and felicity, when both are at their lowest ebb, is at the expence of a numerous and brilliant masquerade. The spies, and other low-life wretches, resort to a warehouse, where there is a sufficient number of dominos and fancy-dresses, to furnish three or four thousand fools. They then disperse about the town to deceive the world, under the false appearance of a mirth, which does not exist in reality, at least for two-thirds and an half of the inhabitants.

The greater the national misery, the more careful is the Police's endeavour to conceal it by this political imposition. But the eye of the man of feeling is opened, he sees under the gay attire, the rags that hardly cover the nakedness of those deluded wretches, who laugh and seem merry only because they have been commanded to do it.

As this is the country of contradictions and inconsistency, the clergy prays forgiveness for
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the sins committed on that day, and looks upon a diversion which is authorised, nay supported by government, as a most criminal profanation. Thus every one to his trade; the Police tries to impose on the vulgar, and the priest receives the money paid by the good Christians to pray for the bad ones.

The most licentious of our dramatic pieces are represented during the carnival, but, when once got up, they are continued the whole lent, that time set apart for fasting and humiliation; so that our theatres are never less decent than when they ought to be more so.

This annual phrensy, that turns the heads of half the Parisians, does not outlive the first day of lent. A *pinch* of wood-ashes, with which the priest rubs their forehead on the Wednesday morning, operates like an enchantment: they are instantly recalled from dissipation to regularity, from folly to reason; so that we might apply to them this line of Virgil, without any material deviation from the sense:

PULVERIS EXIGIT JACTU, COMPRESSA QUIESCUNT.

A little dust will make them all quiet.

B E G-

B E G G A R S.

Who would imagine, seeing the populace of Paris ever merry, and the rich glittering in all the gaudy pomp of luxury, that the streets of the metropolis are infested with swarms of beggars, were not the eye at every turning of a street shocked with a distressing spectacle, truly disgusting to the sight of every stranger, who is not lost to the feelings of humanity.

Nothing has yet been done to remove this evil, and the methods hitherto practised have proved to be remedies worse than the disease itself.

It appears, that amongst the ancients there was a class of people that might be called poor, but none reduced to absolute indigence. The very slaves were cloathed, fed, had their friends; nor do we read in any authors, that the towns and streets were full of those wretched disgusting objects, which either force one to pity, or often chills the most charitable; wretches, covered with vermin, did not then go about the streets uttering groans that reach the very heart, and covered with wounds that frighten the eye of every passenger.

This abuse springs from the nature of the legislation itself, more attentive to preserve large
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than small fortunes. Let our new schemers say what they will, great proprietaries are a nuisance in the state, they cover the land with forests, people these with fawns and deers, lay out most of the remainder in pleasure gardens, and thus the oppression of the great is daily crushing the most unfortunate part of the subjects.

In the year 1769, not only the beggars, but even the poor sort of people, were treated with much savage barbarity, by secret orders from government. In the very dead of the night, old men, women, and children, were suddenly seized upon, deprived of their liberty, and thrown into loathsome gaols, without assigning any cause for so cruel a treatment.

The pretence was, that indigence is the parent of crimes, that seditions generally begin among that class of people, who having nothing to lose, have nought to fear; as the ministers wanted then to establish the corn-trade, they dreaded the effects of that world of indigent wretches, drove to despair by the advanced price of bread, which was then to take place; their task-masters said: "they must be smothered," and they were so. As this was the most effectual means of silencing them, government never took the trouble of having recourse to any other method.

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When we cast an eye abroad, it is then we are convinced of the forlorn condition in which our lower sort of people linger away their miserable life. The Spaniard can provide at an easy rate his food and raiment. Wrapped up in his cloak, the earth is his bed, he sleeps sound, and wakes without anxiety for his next meal. The Italians work little, and are in no want of the necessaries, and even luxuries of life. The English, well fed, strong and hale, happy and free, reaps and enjoys undisturbed the fruits of their industry. The Swede is content with his glass of brandy. The Russian, whom no foresight disturbs, finds abundance in the bosom of slavery; but the Parisians, poor and helpless, sinking under the burthen of unremitted toils and fatigue, ever at the mercy of the great, who crush them, like vile insects, whenever they attempt to raise their voice, earn, at the sweat of their brow, a scanty subsistence, which only serves to lengthen their lives, without leaving them but indigence for prospect in their old age, or, what is worse, part of a bed in the hospital.

HOTEL-DIEU.

I shall go to the hospital, exclaims the poor Parisian, my father died there, and so must I! and then

then the wretch seems half comforted. What an instance of self-denial, or rather stupid insensibility ! O despotism, this is thy work ! Thy slaves soon forget the dignity of man !

How barbarous the charity of our hospitals ! A man meets there with a death a thousand times more dreadful than that which awaits the indigent under his humble roof, when abandoned to himself and nature alone—and we dare call that *the House of God* ?—where the contempt shewed to humanity, adds to the suffering of those who go there for relief !

The physician and surgeon are paid, granted ; the drugs cost nothing to the patient, true again ; but he will be put to bed between a dying man and a dead corpse ; he will breathe an air corrupted by pestiferous exhalations ; he will be subject to surgical despotism : neither his cries, his complaints, nor his expostulations will be attended to ; he will have no body by to sooth and comfort him ; pity itself will be blind and barbarous, having lost that sympathising compassion, and those tears of sensibility which constitute its very being. In this abode of human misery, every aspect is cruel and disgusting—and this is called the *House of God* !

Who would not fly from the bloody detested spot ? Who will venture within a house, where

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the bed of mercy is far more dreadful than the naked board, on which lies the poorest wretch ?

This hospital, miscalled *Hotel-Dieu*, was founded by *St. Landry* and *Comte Archambaud*, in the year 660, for the reception of sick persons of either sex. Jews, Turks, and Infidels have an equal right to admission. There are 1200 beds, and constantly between 5 and 6000 patients. What a disproportion ! yet the revenues of that hospital are immense. Were it not known to a certainty, by several people who have secretly enquired into it ; the attention of government to be cautiously silent on this matter, would amount to a proof, nay to evidence, of their being very considerable.

It was expected that the last fire, which happened in that hospital, would have been improved to the advantage of the patients, by building on a more healthy spot, a new and more extensive edifice ; but, no—every thing remains on the same footing ; yet it is but too well proved, that the *Hotel-Dieu* has every requisite to create and encrease a multitude of disorders, on account of the dampness and confinement of the atmosphere. Wounds soon turn to a mortification ; whilst the itch and scurvy make the greatest havock amongst those who, from the nature of their disorders, are forced to remain there some time.

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Thus the most simple distempers soon grow into complicated diseases, by the contagion of that ambient air, and from the same cause, wounds on the head and legs are mortal in this hospital.

Both the experience and observation of the naturalist concur to prove, that an hospital, which contains above one hundred beds, is of itself a plague; it may be added, that as often as two patients are laid up in the same room, they will evidently hurt each other, and that consequently such practice is injurious to the laws of humanity. It is almost incredible, yet not less true, that one-fifth of the patients are annually carried off. This is known and heard of with the most indifferent composure!

C L A M A R T.

This is the gulph that swallows up the remains of those hapless men who have paid the last debt to nature in the *Hotel-Dieu*. It is an extensive burying-ground, or rather a voracious monster, whose maw is ever craving for new food, though most plentifully supplied! The bodies are there interred without a coffin, and only sewed up in the coarsest linen cloth. At the least appearance of death the body is hurried away, and there are many instances of

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people having recovered under the hasty hand that wrapped them up ; whilst others have been heard to cry out mercy, when already piled up in the cart that carried them to an untimely grave.

This cart is drawn by twelve men. A priest, covered with filth and mud, a hand-bell and cross, are all the funeral pomp reserved for those unfortunate victims—But at that hour all is one !

Every morning at four o'clock the dismal cart sets off from the *Hotel-Dieu*, and as it rolls on, strikes with terror the neighbourhood, who are awaked by the awful sound of that bell. A man must be lost to all feelings who hears it unmoved. In certain seasons, when mortality is most rife, this cart has been seen to go backwards and forwards four times in four and twenty hours. It contains about fifty corpses, besides children, who are crammed between their legs. The bodies are cast in a deep and profound pit, and are next covered with unslackened lime ; this crucible, which is never shut up, seems to tell to the affrighted looker on, that it would easily devour all the inhabitants that Paris contains. Such is the *obedience* paid to the laws, that the *arret* of parliament, prohibiting all buryings within the walls of this city, has never been carried into execution.

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The populace never fail, on the day of All Souls, to visit that burying-ground, where they foresee that their bodies will be carried one day; they kneel and pray, and then adjourn to a public house.

To this spot, where the earth is fattened with the spoils of mankind, young surgeons resort by night, and climbing up the wall, carry off the dead corpse, to make upon them their bloody trials. Thus the poor finds no asylum, even in death. And such is the tyranny over that unfortunate part of mankind, that it does not cease till his very remains are hacked and hued so as not to retain the least resemblance of man.

FOUNDLING HOSPITAL.

This is another instance of the abuse that may be made of the best institution. The establishment in itself is perhaps unparalleled in the annals of any country: yet it is faulty in many respects.

At all times, and every hour of the day, or night, new-born children are received without formality or asking questions. Thus many secret crimes have been prevented, and *infanticide* is as uncommon as it was frequent before this wise establishment took place.

A girl,

A girl, who has been seduced or betrayed into weakness, may hide her shame from the preying eye of scandal; it may be said, that a wider field has thus been opened to a greater freedom between the two sexes.—It may be so; but besides those inconveniencies, which are inseparable from society, and cannot be annihilated, number of accidents, misfortunes, obloquy, and unnatural crimes have been actually prevented.

The number of foundlings amount annually to seven thousand, including those that are brought from distant parts. When any of those *natural accidents* happens in country towns, or any other part of the kingdom, the mother, who perhaps never blushed at becoming a parent, stands in awe of the world, and thinks it a disgrace to own a child which, in other circumstances, would have been the delight of her heart.

From the instant of its birth, the ill-fated babe, condemned by the irrevocable laws of prejudice, is carried from league to league by mercenaries, who hire themselves for that purpose, and undergo all the hardships which seem to be the earnest of their future misfortunes.

The man, who makes it his business to convey these infants, puts them into a box, stuffed

fed inside, which is roomy enough for three. They are placed in a standing posture, wrapped up in their swaddling cloaths. The air is admitted through a hole, made on the lid of the box. The carrier never stops but to take his meals, and give a little milk to the babes. At the opening of the box, he often finds one of them dead; he continues his journey with the two others, and, after having carried them to the hospital, goes back to resume an employment which constitutes his livelihood.

Most of the foundlings that come from *Lorraine* through *Vitry*, die in this place. In *Metz*, nine hundred have perished in one year. This is an evil that wants a speedy remedy; it would be expedient, either to erase from the book of infamy, that courageous, though misled woman, who would have fortitude enough to acknowledge her child, and give it the breast, atoning thus for her fault, by discharging the respectable functions of a mother; or else find out some means of saving those infants from being carried such length of way, which generally sweeps off one-third of them, whilst another third die before they are five years of age.

In *Prussia*, girls, under the above predicament, suckle their children, and that publicly: nor would any one dare to revile them whilst they perform that most august of all natural functions.

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tions. The public is now accustomed to see in them, tender mothers who discharge their duty. This is the work of the great FREDERIC, equally wise and just.

CHARITABLE DONATIONS.

The alms distributed in Paris are liberal and numerous : and may the Almighty Author of all good be praised for it ! The charitable hands which deal plenty about, contribute more to good order and public tranquillity, than all the severe and oppressive laws of the Police. Were it not for those benefactors of mankind, rage and despair would break through all political restraint. If the mass of private calamities has decreased, we owe the blessing to those heaven-born mortals, who secretly pour the balm in their neighbours wounds. Vice, folly and pride delight in being seen ; tender commiseration, generosity and virtue carefully avoid the preying eye of the public, for the godlike pleasure of serving humanity in private, without shew or ostentation, content to have heaven alone for witness of their deeds.

Were it not for that active charity which seeks after the wretched, visits him on his bed of thorns ; who comforts and inspires him with fortitude, by convincing him, that he is not entirely forgotten in his misfortunes, our attic stories
would

would be filled with dead bodies, the victims of poverty and famine, and crimes be daily multiplied. The peace and quietness we enjoy, is, in a great measure, owing to those sensible well-disposed mortals, who, whilst the laws are busy in the pursuit and punishment of malefactors, stay the hand of crime, and are equally serviceable to the State, to their King, and to Humanity, by comforting the sons of sorrow, and soothing the complaints and grievances of their fellow-citizens.

I cannot help recording here an anecdote which shews, that œconomy, even carried so far as apparently to betray a parsimonious and miserly disposition, is no ways incompatible with real charity.

After a dreadful fire, which had reduced to the most wretched indigence several families in the *Fauxbourg*, or Borough of St. Germain, a collection was made throughout the parish in favour of the sufferers. The persons who had been appointed to receive the alms, entered the house of a private gentleman, supposed to be one of the most wealthy inhabitants of the *Fauxbourg*. He received his visitors in a room where no fire had yet been lighted, tho' this was about noon, and in the month of December. The gentleman was busy in reading a lecture to his servant for having employed a whole match in setting fire to

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the faggot that was then but just kindling, when there were several pieces put by for the purpose. The collectors looked upon this circumstance as very ominous for the success of their errand; when the gentleman, opening a bureau, took out a well-lined purse, such as is seldom given by the rich to assist the necessitous: they could neither conceal, nor even recover for some time from their surprize: when the donor perceiving it, "Gentlemen, said he, learn this lesson from me; it is by such savings, which to you and others may appear trifling, that I am enabled to add every day to that share of my fortune which the poor, in our master's name, have a right to claim at my hands. It is not by depriving ourselves of our necessities that we are to assist the suffering part of mankind, but that which we spend in useless superfluities is their patrimony, which we are bound by nature and religion to preserve untouched."

LARGE FORTUNES.

We shall cease to wonder at the multitude of beggars of all kinds who crowd the streets of Paris, and of those more unfortunate perhaps who linger out their wretched lives in their solitary garrets, surrounded with all the horrors of indigence, when we consider the unequal distribution

tribution of fortunes in this capital, and indeed all over France.

There are in Paris private fortunes from three to nine hundred thousand livres per annum, and a few still more considerable; those of one hundred and fifty thousand are very common.

Gold is to itself a loadstone, it flies, as it were, where heaps are already thrown up together: the more there is of that precious metal in one place, the more it seems to multiply. The first crown, says *Jean Jaques Rousseau*, is harder to get than the last million. No where is this observation so fully verified as it is in this capital.—But to what use does the rich turn all this gold? not to answer any noble or useful purpose. Time lies heavy upon his hands, and in his leisure, or rather profound idleness, the most minute trifle becomes for him a serious occupation; he racks his brain to lay out the plan of an entertainment, and creates to himself a thousand imaginary wants, which engross all his time to enjoy, and exhaust his fortune to procure.

He prefers keeping hounds and horses to the more liberal occupation of seeking out the poor to feed and relieve him. Sums that would serve to improve all the arts, by supporting the artists, are consumed in childish luxury. If he

gives way to some extravagant caprice, its object is always mean, trifling, and insignificant. The whole world may speak of his wealth, not one perhaps can vouch to one single act of his munificence. In vain do I look abroad; I do not see the least monument erected by the hands of the rich citizen. All his treasures are, as it were, for home consumption; none partakes of them but his dependants and valets, because these assist him in supporting what he miscalls his dignity.

Amongst these favourite sons of fortune, he who is proclaimed to the world as a humane, generous, and serviceable friend, is for three hours in the day employed in forming pecuniary schemes that may increase his wealth, by ruining an hundred families, and doubling the calamities of his country. The words equity, benevolence, humanity, are for ever in his mouth, but the contrary vices have cankered his heart; and the next day he will present, and have credit enough to make it pass, a plan founded on monopolising principles, and calculated to bring thousands of his fellow-subjects to poverty and wretchedness. Thus fatal gold will even deprive the industrious poor of his daily hire.

A whole province is of a sudden deprived of all the productions of its fertile soil; want succeeds

ceeds to affluence, and this cruel deed is honoured with the title of speculation, which is in reality the *ne plus ultra* of avarice, carried to the most dangerous excess. The wretch, who is guilty of so unnatural a monopoly, is a great man; he talks finely of the arts, and wishes them well. It is true, that he does some good to those who approach him nearest, but he destroys the peace, overturns the fortunes, and devours the very substance of thousands who at a few hundred miles distance from him feel the grievous effects of his rapacity. He seems a perfect stranger in his own country, and exists only for his sultanas, and his servile flatterers.

Others there are who hoard up their treasures, and whose heart is steeled by degrees, until it acquires the compact solidity of the flint. In vain does misery, in the most moving accents, endeavour to melt them into compassion.—In vain are they told of the private and public calamities—they are as insensible to probity and innocence in distress, as indifferent to the misfortunes of their country.

Does that unfeeling wretch deserve the name of man, who prefers a vile piece of metal to the life of his fellow-creature, perishing for want of the smallest parcel of his accumulated gold? who calls his suffering brother by the most approbious names, to apologize for his uncharitableness:

charitableness: cloak his avarice under false pretences, whilst conscience stares him in the face, and proclaims him to himself a monster!

But why should we wonder at the prevailing avarice of the rich, at their love for money, when we see that gold is the only key that opens the gate to preferment in the clerical, civil, and military employments. Thus the distance between the wealthy and the rest of the subjects is daily widened, and poverty becomes more unsupportable, by considering the astonishing progress of luxury, whose fastidious pomp is an insult offered to indigence—Hence envy and hatred acquire new strength, and the state is miserably divided into two parties of covetous men without feelings, and malcontents who loudly murmur at so prodigious an inequality. The first legislator who will find means of dividing and subdividing those immense fortunes, and reduce them to the standard of proportion, will greatly benefit the state, and increase its population; for, as *Montesquieu* judiciously observes: “wherever two persons, of different sex, can live commodiously, a marriage soon takes place between them.”

Wealth accumulated, as it now is, in the hands of a few, begets that luxury which is no less dangerous to the man who riots in it, than to the humbler one who envies the fate of the former.—

former.—Were it, on the contrary, distributed with more equality, and in a more rational proportion, luxury would give way to that golden mediocrity, which is the parent of industry, and the source of all domestic virtues. Every state, where the fortunes of the citizens are nearly upon a par, is peaceable, fortunate, and presents a pleasing harmonious ensemble. Such is Switzerland.—In all other countries there are continual feud and animosities, and the seed of discord takes the deepest root. The one sells himself to the rich who can bid the highest price, and both are equally abject.

Nothing can please me more, than to hear that the heir of a *millionaire* has run, in a few years, through an immense fortune, which he had inherited from his avaricious parent. Had his son continued in his father's disposition to the third generation, the representative would then be possessed of ten times the fortune of his great-grand-father, and twenty men of that kind would swallow up the whole wealth of the country. All those political evils, which disturb the internal peace of kingdoms, spring from the inequality complained of. On the one hand it serves to secure impunity to the rich, and occasion the criminal attempts of desponding indigence. It begets intestine broils, which bear a great resemblance to a civil war,
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by inspiring the one with a hatred, the more dangerous that it is concealed, and the other with an intolerable pride, which degenerates into oppressive cruelty. Wherever such a disproportion is encouraged, the code of penal laws must needs be enlarged, and the prisons increase in proportion to the number of palaces erected by the hands of insulting greatness. On the contrary, a state where attention is paid to a proportionable division of inherited property, to convey, as it were, proper nourishment to all the branches, will have fewer occasions to brandish the sword of justice. That law, amongst the Romans, by which no one was permitted to be possessed of more than five hundred acres of land, was equally wise and prudent. Were our legislation to set up an inquiry by law, and prosecute even to death the conduct of a very wealthy proprietor, and examine by what means he has hoarded up his immense fortune, ordering at the same time, that whatever would be proved in court to have exceeded the sum of lawful gain, should be equally divided amongst the poor, it would serve both the nation and humanity too, long and grievously oppressed by the great and rich.

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MONT-DE-PIÉTÉ.

The establishment of the *Mont-de-Piété*, or Pawn-Warehouse, was long wished for in vain, but is at last perfected, notwithstanding the opposition it met with from several interested beings, who live by the distress of their fellow creatures. At this place the poor may be supplied with money upon any pawn whatever that they can leave for security, at a very trifling interest; for it is not here in the hands of private individuals, as I am told is the case in London, where a pawn-broker charges no less than thirty *per cent.* for the loan; I hear they are authorised to do so by law—So much the worse. In Paris the *Mont-de-Piété* is under the immediate inspection of government, and has hitherto proved of the greatest service, by giving the mortal wound to usury and its infamous votaries.

The greatest proof that can be given of the usefulness of this institution, and how needful it was in Paris, is the great concourse of people who daily resort there to raise temporary sums. It is said, but I will not vouch to the truth of the assertion, that in the space of a few months there were 40 tuns filled with gold watches; this I rather take to be an exaggeration, meant only to give an idea of the very great number

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that were then in the warehouse, Certain it is that I have seen at one time fourscore people assembled, who, waiting for their turn, came there for the purpose of raising loans, not exceeding six livres a head. The one carries his shirts, another a piece of furniture, this an old picture, that his shoe-buckles, or a thread-bare coat. These visits, which are renewed every day, are the most forcible proofs of the extreme want and poverty to which the greatest number of the inhabitants is reduced.

Opulence itself is often obliged to have recourse to the public Pawn-warehouse, and the contrast between extreme misery and indigent richness is no where better exemplified. In one corner a lady, wrapped up in her cloak, her face half covered, and just stepped out of her coach, deposits her diamonds to a large amount, to venture it in the evening at a card table; whilst in the other, a poor woman, who has trudged it on foot through the muddy streets, pawns her lower garment to purchase a bit of bread.

The best regulation prevails in this place; a sworn appraiser stands there to estimate, upon oath, the real value of the pledge offered. Yet as the best institution is liable to much abuse, it is said that the poorer sort of people are not always treated with that humanity, which they
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are more justly entitled to than their betters; this evil, with a little attention from the magistrate who presides over this undertaking, may be easily remedied. I make no doubt but the *Mont-de-Piété* will prove as advantageous an establishment as it is useful and commendable.

BOROUGH OF ST. MARCEL.

Here live the most constant and ragged customers of the *Mont-de-Piété*; it is the abode of the most miserable, plodding, and ungovernable part of the Parisian *Cainalle*. There is more money to be found in one single house of the borough of *St. Honoré*, than in all the *Faubourg St. Marcel* taken collectively.

It is in those dreary habitations, distant from the central part of the capital, that the exhausted spendthrift, the man-hater, and the doating alchymist seek for concealment and obscurity. Some studious men also prefer that residence, and others who chuse to live retired from the world and the tumult usual in the neighbourhood of play-houses. There they are sure not to be disturbed by troublesome visitors. Curiosity alone can induce a man to resort to a place whose inhabitants seem to be a race of men in every respect different from the rest of the Parisians.

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Here seditions and mutiny have their origin; and the embers of dissention are soon quickened into a flame in this abode of obscure wretchedness. The inhabitants have no other clock they can consult, but the rising and setting of the sun; they are, in comparison of their more refined neighbours, three centuries back in point of the prevailing arts and manners. Every private contention becomes a public dispute, and the discontented wife pleads her cause in the middle of the street, summons the culprit before the tribunal of the populace, and in their presence makes a public confession of her *man's* turpitude. The most material points in litigation are here determined by fifty cuffs, and when one of the parties has had his face handsomely scratched, they meet at night and make it up over a bottle of four wine.

One single room generally contains a family; the whole of the furniture not worth twenty crowns; every quarter day they shift from hole to hole, as they are turned out for non-payment of rent. Not one pair of shoes, except wooden ones, is to be found in these lodging-houses.

Yet every Sunday they march out in crouds to *Vaugirard*, and fill up its numberless public houses, to drink themselves out of all feelings. After which they enter into a place called *Salle*
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des Gueux (Beggar's Hall), and at the scraping of a blind fidler dance away the remainder of their sorrow, which on the next day returns upon them with tenfold force. But no matter, they have drank in one day for the whole week, and patiently wait for the Sunday following.

CUSTOM-HOUSE AND EXCISE OFFICERS.

As I love gradation, *ascendendo*, after having spoken of the lowest I shall say a few words about the higher sort of Parisian *Canaille*; I mean the Custom-House and Excise Officers. Their number is countless, nor do they rate very high the price of their infamy. Their wages are from 800 to 1500 livres *per annum*. those of the latter class wear velvet, and point ruffles; and the price of the lace that bedaubs their coat, is a manifest robbery committed upon their stomachs, making their appetite subservient to their love for shew; hence the old French proverb, *habit doré ventre de son*—Lace your coat and feed upon bran.

They transact all their business pen in hand; the meanest of this mean tribe must understand writing and accounts, as the entrance of a bottle of wine, a capon, a drove of oxen, &c. is to be set down most carefully in the register kept for that purpose. These useless beings have
learned

learnt nothing, know nothing, and have not an idea beyond the four rules of arithmetic; the following fact will serve to prove the former part of my assertion.

A gentleman, during his stay at Bassora, had purchased a very curious mummy.—As the box that contained it was rather too cumbersome for his travelling post-chaise, being arrived at *Auxerre*, he sent it by the stage-coach. The latter was searched, according to custom, at the gates of Paris; the wise officers broke open the box, and seeing a body blackened all over, gravely pronounced it to be the remains of a man *baked* in an oven; the antique bandages came in support of their opinion, as they mistook them for a shirt half-burnt; and after a proper inquest, the supposed murdered was sent to the *Morne*, or bone-house, to be owned.

Some hours after, the owner made his appearance to claim his property, which he supposed was detained at the office. On his first requisition, the *wise men of Gotham* looked at him with a mixture of amazement and horror; seeing him fall into a downright passion, one of the officers, more *sensible* than the rest, approached and softly whispered in the traveller's ear, that he had better hold his tongue, and save his neck from the halter, by a timely flight.

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Unable to guess at the meaning of so unexpected an address, the gentleman retired half mad with anger and disappointment, and directly applied to the Lieutenant de Police. After having danced attendance for three days, he at last obtained, from the grave magistrate, a *permit*, in form, to take away from the bone-house the Egyptian prince, or princess; who, after having slept sound for two thousand years within the pyramid, was on the eve of receiving Christian burial.

Nothing so truly ridiculous as the fortunate few amongst these officers, who can boast of three thousand livres salary; they give themselves consequential airs, and look down with the most supercilious contempt on the rest of their tribe. It is curious enough to see them with a grace, peculiar to themselves, turn up their ruffles, cut a pen, or mend a quill, and try it with as much precaution, as if the welfare of the state depended on their book of entrance. The pendulum of the clock determines all their motions: they know to a minute when they are to leave or return to their fifth story—and so do their wives.

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P H Y S I C I A N S.

I acknowledge myself guilty of a very great injustice, when, enumerating the plagues that infest the poor Parisians, I forgot to mention the sons of *Esculapius* ; but I crave their pardon, and beg they will accept for apology the old adage, *it is better late than never*.

Instead of that gravity, which their profession seems to require, our doctors have all the *ton*, the airs and ridicules of that doubtful gender of beings, called *petit-maitres*—They are in fact the *prettiest* physicians in all Europe. You will not find in them those serious mortals, who, determined to use all their skill to cure, or at least to allay your disorder, shew their displeasure at your not following their prescriptions. Our doctors know better manners, they talk of every thing but their art, and the patient's disease. With smile ineffable, a modern *Esculapius* *ungloves* a lily white hand, and after brandishing before your eyes a most superb brilliant, methodically turns up his point ruffle, feels your pulse, with the best grace, proclaims you sound and healthy, never seeming to suspect the least danger, be the disorder what it may. Seated by the bed-side of a dying man, he assumes the cheerful looks of hope : speaks a few words of
comfort,

comfort, retires, and continues his gesting humour as he goes down the staircase—an hour after, the patient expires !

When a physician has dispatched half a score of plebeians, through ignorance or inattention, he is perfectly reconciled to the accident, and thinks no more about it. But if he has the misfortune of sending out of the world a man of rank and consequence, the poor wretch is inconsolable, and for a whole fortnight his dejected looks seem to implore the compassion of every one he meets.

A certain number of physicians have divided the different walks of Paris, and the sick of the capital, amongst themselves. When any of them has been guilty of some great mistake in the manner of treating his patient, the most profound secret is kept by his brethren, who perhaps the next, if not the same day, will stand in need of the like indulgence. Nay, such is their fraternal union, that they will let a man die rather than contradict the method pursued by their good brother—And the patient expires, surrounded by ten physicians. They see very well what should be done, if not to avert entirely, at least to stay for a while the destructive hand of death ; but the *Esprit de corps*, the *killing* deference they have for each other will not permit them to interfere, and

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they tamely suffer the first of them that was called to follow his own ideas, and methodically finish a work he had so wisely begun.

Those very discrete accomplices experience, in their turn, the same regard and complaisance. If they condescend to apologize, they ground their plea upon the uncertainty of their art—But if they are convinced of this truth, why do they continue the same bloody track, without deviating either to the right or to the left? Why are they so tenacious of their old and execrable method, when they are conscious how deficient and dangerous it is?—The reason is obvious, by throwing a thick impenetrable veil over their proceedings: they make of their art a lucrative trade.

The difference their pride has established between the writer of a prescription and the man who is to mix it, seems to me a great obstacle to the cure of a disease. They will not even take the trouble of analysing their drugs by the assistance of chemistry, and though they have hardly a superficial knowledge of those compounds; they boldly prescribe those dreadful banes which come out of the apothecary's shops—So that the poor patient has, besides his disorder, two evils to contend with, the rashness of the *prescriber*, and the ignorance of the man who is to prepare the medicine.

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The art of physic, therefore, now-a-days is no more than a bold empirism, which derives all its fame from our credulity. Its uncertainty is fully known to those who practice it: notwithstanding their consciousness, they will not give it up, because it brings money. Yet they are the first, these worst of quacks, to run down quackery. If a man, possessed of a family medicine, which he even distributes gratis, is successful in the cure of any disorder, he is directly stigmatised by the faculty—Ye bold assassins, for once open your eyes to the light of truth! To ye we owe no salutary discovery; but to what ye are pleased disdainfully to call empirism, we are indebted for the bark, emetic, inoculation, &c. Do not mistake me, however, as pleading the cause of quacks; but your ignorance makes it doubtful, which of the two professions is most hurtful to mankind.

Shall we never behold the man of true knowledge, who will with a bold but generous hand destroy the altars of *Esculapius*, where our modern practitioners daily sacrifice new victims, break the surgeon's lancet, shut up those shops where the apothecary retails his poison; who will, in fine, substitute a sure method to that physic, merely conjectural, which prevails amongst the members of the faculty. Oh, for that friend of mankind who will new model an

art which now consists in killing according to rule, and has ignorance and antiquated prejudice for its supporters.—“A consummation devoutly to be wished!”

But now, courteous reader, let me lead you through the streets of Paris. They are not very clean, but such as they are, they will furnish matter of information, and that is all I want to give, or you can wish to receive.

A W A L K.

As I cross the streets of Paris, methinks I travel through the ruins of antiquity, every corner recalls to my memory the most interesting events of our national history. I shall not tire the reader by entering into a detail of every object, but only select such as I think most worthy of being recorded.

Observe that noble and wide street St. Antoine, this, under former reigns, was a turnip-field; here *Henry II.* was mortally wounded in a tournament, by *Montgomery*; here also fell, by each others hand, the infamous minions of *Henry III.* and this spot, now so full of houses and inhabitants, reminds me that, under *Louis le Gros*, the duties paid at the northern gate, yielded no more than twelve livres per annum, that is about four hundred

dred and eight of our present currency, and I say to myself, Paris was then a small place, but its inhabitants, if fewer, were more happy.

If my foot slips on the stones, I immediately recollect, that the streets were not paved before the year 1184, and that it was done on a plan proposed by a *Financier*, who was at the greatest part of the expence—Thanks to the good man! such another of his profession would not be found now-a-days, search the whole kingdom throughout.

As I cross the Place des Victoires, where stands the statue of Louis XIV. a monument erected to national vanity, and a standing record of kingly pride and popular adulation; it occurs to my remembrance, that this was at one time the most dangerous part of this capital. Thieves and murderers held here their assemblies; and even in the very face of day committed their depredations on the passengers.—Query. Could a better spot be pitched upon for the purpose of placing the effigy of that royal robber, born for the ruin of his subjects, and the disturbance of Europe? who aim'd at universal monarchy; sacrificed the wealth and happiness of a whole kingdom to pursue that empty shadow; who lived a tyrant and died an idiot?

The *Rue d'Enfer*, or Hell-street, was haunted some centuries ago by ghosts and sprites of all kinds.

kinds. *St. Louis*, who was then on the throne, thought that the best way to fend the devil back again to his dreary home, was to make a present of it to the Carthusian monks. He was right : and as one nail drives out another, no sooner did the holy friars take possession of the premises, than the infernal spirits made room for their superiors, and ever since that place yields to the convent a considerable revenue, which amply repays them for the trouble taken by their predecessors. Yet this very *Rue d'Enfer* is in much greater danger now, than ever it was from its former visitors ; and the quarries, on which it is built, may, by undermining the houses of the inhabitants, bring them into a jeopardy where the skill of surgeons will be more effectual than all the Pater-nosters, holy water, and exorcisms of their sanctified landlords.

It was in the *Rue Potterie*, that the first play-house was built. The regulation and police of the theatres was then within the department of the Attorney-general, and not as it is now, in the hands of ignorant or partial Lords of the Bedchamber ; who at that time, when every one followed his own trade, made the King's bed, and had nothing else to do.

At the *Halles*, or general market, *Charles V.* then only Dauphin, made a famous speech against *Charles*, surnamed the *Mischievous*, King of *Navarre*.

Navarre. But *then* every one had a right to judge for himself: and the former was hissed and hooted from the hustings, *sans cérémonie*, because he had neither the good mien, the eloquence, nor the solidity of reasoning of his antagonist.

View now the *Bute St. Roch*, that little mount, not an hundred years ago, was full of wind-mills; and such is the rage for building and extending the limits of the capital, already too large, that some writers after me will, in all probability, have the same remark to make on the hill now called *Mont-Martre*, or Martyr's-Mount.—It was at the *Bute St. Roch* that the Maid of Orleans distinguished herself; and was wounded at the siege of Paris, then in the hands of the English—Would the latter had preserved it even to this day! we could at least think and speak for ourselves.

RUE DE L'UNIVERSITE. Here dwells pedantism, and if I may be allowed the expression, learned stupidity. This University enjoyed formerly the most distinguished privileges, some of which are now grown obsolete, and only recorded in its archives. This body of men, who never did any service to the state but that of giving the plan for establishing a post-office, was very tenacious of those prerogatives; at the least appearance of encroachment
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upon them, the University ordered its schools to be shut, no lectures then of divinity, no sermons, no teaching whatever could take place, until these mighty men were soothed into a better temper, and government was glad to make it up—Now, they would be taken at their word—and the better for that. It is not only extravagant, it is folly to extreme, to maintain, at a large salary, one hundred professors to teach—What? a little Latin, and the art of sophistry : that is all their employment, whilst not one of the pupils, at his leaving the University, knows his mother-tongue, which those very pedagogues can neither speak nor write with propriety.

There are still some faint remains of the ancient power of that useless body, but they consist in mere matter of form. When the rector, or head of the University, which by the by is stiled the King's eldest Daughter, and a sad trull she is, goes to Versailles, the folding doors of the King's apartment are thrown open, and every three months he parades the streets, in all the pomp and majesty of the Emperor of Genius and Parisian Intellects—and this redoubted monarch is, for the most part, a pedant full of Latin and Greek, bursting at the thoughts of his assumed importance—for the reign of the ROLLINS is no more!—If the rector

tor dies in office, the University has the right to have his remains deposited at St. Denis, the burying-place of the Kings of France.

But, humane reader, let me fly from the sound of a bell that grates my ears, and strikes terror to my soul—it is that of *St. Germain l'Auxerrois*. It rung the signal of the massacre of St. Bartholomew—a day that should be for ever blotted out from our annals—But even all the waters of the ocean cannot wash off the bloody stain—Would you believe it, reader? a fanatic clergyman has dared, within these twenty years, to publish a pamphlet in defence of that atrocious deed—But, to the honour of our laws and magistracy be it said, the parliament of Paris inflicted an exemplary punishment on the author, and his execrable apology was burnt, as the wretch ought to have been himself, by the hands of the common executioner.

As I pass through the *Rue Trouffe Vacke*, I cannot help smiling, when I recollect that Cardinal *de Lorraine*, at his return from the Council of Trentum, and preparing for a triumphal entry in the capital, was set upon, in this very street, by *Montmorency*. The poor distressed Cardinal, compelled to give way, ran into the back parlour of a tradesman, and from thence flew up stairs, and hid himself under the bed of an

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old woman, where he remained until night had dispersed his pursuers.

Behold that well in the *Rue Truandarie*; I view it with a reverential awe. It was on its brink that the lovers of old plighted their faith to each other—an oath more religiously kept than that which we now take before the altars erected to the God of Truth—in that golden age the parties meant what they said, and we hardly know our own meaning.

It is in the old *Rue du Temple* that the Duke of *Burgundy* fell, by the hands of his assassin the Duke of *Orleans*, only brother to *Charles VI.* who, though a mad-man and an idiot, was suffered to continue on the throne—and why not? the race of sceptred fools did neither begin, nor end with that unfortunate prince.

When I take a boat to cross the water, at the quay *Malaquais*, I am hardly pushed off from the shore, when I recall to my mind, that two centuries ago, the great and good, but too amorous *Henry IV.* was in the same situation. When entering into a conversation with the waterman, who knew not his sovereign in the person of a plain dressed gentleman, unaccompanied by any one—What think you of the new peace (of *Vervins*), honest fellow? said *Henry*—Think! why I don't know, I derive no advantage from it. There be a load of
taxes,

taxes, and this here boat of mine, with which I can hardly get a livelihood, pays duty to the King.—But dost not you think, that his majesty will lower these taxes?—Why, as to that there matter, the King is a good man enough, that he is, and God blifs him. But then, he has a mistress, who must go so fine, and have so many trinkets, that we poor devils are obliged to pay for it—yet I should not begrudge it, if so be that she belonged to him alone; but, between you and I, she is an arrant jade, and has a score of lovers besides him.

It was true enough, and *Henry* knew it. It is recorded, that, going to pay a visit to one of his favourites, *Belgrade*, who was engaged with her, had hardly time to hide himself under the bed; as he did it in a hurry, he could not so well conceal himself, but that part of his cloaths remained in sight. The King took no notice, but having set down to a cold collation, ready prepared, he took a cake, and flung it under the bed, saying: “every body must live.”—He never repented this affront, which a more inclement master would have washed off in the blood of the rash intruder—What a prodigious contrast we see here between the man and the prince; how frail and contemptible the former, how great and magnanimous the latter! These are thy sports, O nature!—*Henry*

was born to be the weakest of mortals, and the most renowned sovereign.

Turn your eyes towards that lofty building, it is the *Academie Françoise*, where, as said the witty *Pirron*. There are *forty* members, who have as much learning as comes to the share of *four* men. This establishment was set on foot by *Richelieu*, whose every undertaking constantly tended to despotism; nor has he, in this institution, deviated from this rule: for the Academy is manifestly a monarchical establishment. Men of letters have been enticed to the capital as the *grande*s, and for the same purpose, that is, to keep a better watch over them. The consequence is fatal to the progress of knowledge, because every writer being ambitious of a feat in that modern *Areopagus*, and knowing that his success depends on court-favour, does every thing to merit the latter, by sacrificing to the goddess of flattery, and preferring mean adulation that leads him to academical honours, to the more useful and manly employment of setting up, as they should, for the preceptors of mankind.

Hence the *Academie* enjoys no manner of consideration, either at home or abroad; *Paris* is the only place where it can support any kind of consequence; though, even there, sorely badgered by the wits of the capital, who, expect-

pecting neither favour nor friendship from that corps, point all their epigrammatical batteries against their members; there is but too much room for pleasantry, and keen sarcasm. For is it not ridiculous to an extreme, that forty men, two-thirds of whom owe their admission to cabal, or vile servility, should be by patent created arbiters of taste and literature, and enjoy the exclusive privilege of judging for the rest of their countrymen; but their principal function has been, to give currency, or stop the circulation of new coined words; regulating the pronunciation, orthography, and idioms of the French language—Is this a service or injury to the language itself? I rather think the latter to be the case.

The *Academie Française* may be looked upon as a partition wall that divides men and letters into two different classes, who having constantly in view the academical chair, which they look upon as the *ne plus ultra* of literary fame, it being the only way to pensions and preferment, instead of becoming, as they ought to do, the oracles of the age and their nation, content themselves with being the echos of that dreaded tribunal; hence the abject state of literature in the capital. We have some, however, who boldly think for themselves, trust to the judgment of the public, and laugh at the award of the

Academie.

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Academie. Nothing can mark the contempt in which a few spirited writers hold the decrees of the forty forestallers of French wit and refinement, than the following epitaph, which the author above cited, the dread of *Voltaire*, the scourge of wittlings, *Pirron*, ordered to be engraved on his tomb-stone :

CY GIT PIRON QUI NE FUT RIEN,
PAS MEME ACADEMICIEN.

THE SORBONNE.

If the edifice, which we have just past by, is the seat of literary despotism, the *Sorbonne* may be called the throne of ignorance, superstition, and folly. This foundation is the work of an obscure priest, whose name it retains, though afterwards enlarged, beautified, and amply endowed by Cardinal *Richelieu*, who, as we have had occasion to mention in the foregoing description, never formed an establishment which did not tend, in some measure, to support his favourite plan of carrying arbitrary power beyond all bounds. Whilst his politics made slaves of the subjects, he supported this kind of spiritual inquisition, in order to enthrall their very minds. The *Sorbonne* was consulted on all occasions, and the decree of a few ignorant divines, respected as the oracles of the Deity itself. Though it is
obvious

obvious that, what is called scholastic divinity, is the greatest evil that the blind zeal of enthusiasm could ever introduce in religious matters, as it has only served to raise doubts amongst the sensible part of mankind, and bind over the rest to superstition and fanaticism.

The *Sorbonne*, in ages of ignorance, must have shone in its brightest lustre; but in our enlightened days it is become the object of contempt and ridicule, because its members have usurped the power of pronouncing, as umpires, on every subject, either of politics, moral, religion, and even physics: for it is not many years since those sages pronounced, *ex cathedra*, that it was a sin to inoculate for the small-pox, nothing short of hell flames, was denounced against the operator, the encourager, and the patient; all the world laughed at the *awful* sentence, and inoculation daily acquired new partisans; because, unfortunately for those clear sighted mortals, reason, common sense, and experience were in this, as in most of their decrees, in favour of the other side of the question.

A work, containing all that has been said and printed by the *Sorbonne* for three centuries back, would prove a very curious compilation. Never did ignorance, amongst the most superstitious people, give more striking examples of folly and ridicule; because this *learned corps* presumed,

from its very first institution, to give the law to all other divines, as pretending to know more than all of them put together; and, by degrees, referring every art and science, and even history, to religion, they took upon themselves to pronounce on matters which were entirely foreign to their jurisdiction; if any should be assigned to a set of impostors who have princely salaries, and employ their leisure in devising new means to support their credit by misleading the vulgar, and maintain their assumed importance by working upon the credulity of the weaker part of mankind.

The Mahometan doctors are far more rational than ours. The former give out that their great Prophet had publicly declared, that out of 12,000 words contained in the Alcoran, one third only can be depended upon for truth; so that when any obscure passage, or some indefensible extravagancy occur, instead of going to loggerheads about an explanation, or endeavouring to find out sense or meaning where there is neither, they set it down amongst the 8,000 falsehoods, and thus decline entering into disputes, from which they never could extricate themselves. By this means they wisely reject all contradictions and improbabilities, and never seek to humble or impose upon human understanding.

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Had the *Sorbonnians* acted with the same judgment, they would not in their theological delirium have maintained opinions which, in former times, drew upon them a general hatred; nor would they now be as they are, the butt of ridicule, the mere bye word of every man who preserves a single grain of common sense—But they mind very little what the world can say, provided they receive their stipend quarterly. They may exclaim with the miser in *Horace*: “He cares not for the world, who riots in plenty.”

C O L L E G E S.

After having taken a survey of the two palaces erected to pedantism and folly, it is but justice to say something of the places where those great qualities are acquired.

If we can yet boast of some men of letters and real genius, it is because these, as the poets, owe every advantage they possess to nature, and not to art or education; for nothing is worse calculated than our colleges to improve natural abilities, or advance the progress of science and literature. An hundred pedagogues are appointed, and well paid by government, to teach our youth the Greek and Latin tongues; and after ten years spent in the useless pursuit, not an hundred out of one thou-

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land amongst them are perfect in either. It is not that I mean to reflect on the futility of those scientific languages, I only blame the mistaken notion of teaching them before the pupils have received the first rudiments of their own tongue. This should be the primary object of their study, and the former be acquired afterwards, as an accessory accomplishment.

Besides, if we consider this mode of education in a political line, we may well wonder how it ever could be admitted in a monarchy. Its subjects, from their infancy, are taught to admire those brave Romans, who, before they were enslaved by their tyrants, gave laws to the whole world. It cannot be disputed, that a profound study of the Latin tongue gives a certain relish for republicanism. It is no less certain, that, after having heard of the senate, of the freedom and majesty of the Roman people, their victories, of Cæsar falling under the avenging hands of indignant and oppressed liberty, of a *Cato* who would not survive the overthrow of the constitution, it is hard to find one's self, after all, neither better nor worse than a plain inhabitant of Paris, the sport of arbitrary power.

Thus our youth are taught, in the earlier part of their life, a doctrine which it must be their first study afterwards to unlearn, and to-
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tally forget, as entirely incompatible with their advancement, happiness, and safety, nay their very being itself; or if they remember any thing of it, it will only serve to embitter their miseries, by a painful comparison. Yet it is an absolute monarch who pays those professors, who gravely expound to his subjects the bold speeches of ancient orators against the kingly power; so that a sensible young man, just come from the University, cannot help, at his first seeing *Versailles*, to recollect the immortal name of *Brutus*, and of all those fierce enemies of despotism. His ideas are confounded, either he is a fool by nature, and born to slavery, or it must be some time before he can be reconciled to a country where there are neither tribunes nor decemvirs, senators nor consuls. Thus this great scholar has been learning ten or twelve years what it is his interest to forget in as many hours.

Much is said by some of our enthusiastic countrymen of the numerous schools, such as those of drawing, &c. founded by princely munificence. But unprejudiced as I am, I will maintain, that these establishments are more hurtful than serviceable to the state and subjects, as they tend to inspire a taste for refinement, and the preference given to the agreeable over the useful arts. The tradesman will have

his son learn the former, and quit the profession of the latter, in which he would prove of equal service to himself and to society—But I will have my son to become a painter, or a scholar—Rash presuming fool, thy darling shall be neither! Those drawing-schools only multiply the number, already countless, of ignorant dawblers, and from the colleges issue that swarm of scribblers, who, having no other resource than their pen, and too well taught to stoop to be useful, make the sensible part of mankind almost lament, that the art of printing ever was discovered.

But let us here put an end to our walk; it would soon become dangerous—I hear the smack of a coachman's whip—let us return in safety, and examine at a distance. You could not guess where they are driving, preceded and followed by a numerous populace, some of whom will pay dear for their curiosity. They are in their way to the *Rue aux Ours*, to give, in the eighteenth century, a spectacle worthy of the ages of barbarism and ignorance.

You must be informed that every year, on the 3d of July, the effigy of a Swiss is burnt, in the street above mentioned, because on such a day and hour, some centuries back, an *impious* Swiss, it is said, most sacrilegiously stabbed an image of the Virgin Mary, when there issued
forth

forth from the wound a stream of the purest blood!!!—Nothing more ridiculous than this foolish custom; but it is of long standing, and in religious matters this very circumstance is a recommendation.

The effigy was formerly dressed in character, but the Swifs resented it as a national affront, and ever since it is covered only with a kind of waggoner's frock. It consists of a colossus, made of wicker, laid on a man's shoulder, who stops and makes the effigy bow before every *madona* he meets with on his way. A drum opens the march. The colossus, which reaches as high as the first floor, wears long ruffles, a large bagwig, holding in his right hand a wooden dagger, painted red, and nothing is so laughable as the different postures into which it is thrown by the man who bears it.

However ridiculous both the story and custom may appear, some of our most solemn ceremonies can boast of no better foundation. Thus the *Ste. Ampoule* (or Oil-phial), is made use of to anoint our Kings. Yet is there a man of sense in the assembly who can believe, that a dove brought it down from heaven, hanging up from her bill. No one is credulous enough to have any faith in the miraculous cure of the *scrofula*, by the imposition of royal hands. Yet the phial will always remain in use, and our
monarchs

monarchs will ever touch those who are afflicted with what is called the king's evil, and cure no patient. But superstition is the principal supporter of despotism, and wherever the latter prevails the former is encouraged.

Look to the right, and see the end of all public rejoicings in Paris, see that score of unfortunate men; some of them with broken legs and arms, some already dead, or expiring. Most of them are parents of families, who by this catastrophe must be reduced to all the horrors of misery. I had foretold this accident as the consequence of that file of coaches which passed us before. The Police takes so little notice of this kind of chance-medley, that if any thing can be wondered at, it is that such accidents, though but too frequent, are not still more numerous. The threatening wheel, that runs along with such rapidity, carries an obdurate man in power, who has not leisure, or indeed cares not to observe, that the blood of his fellow-subjects is yet fresh on the stones over which his magnificent chariot rattles so swiftly. They talk of a reformation, but when is it to take place? All those who have any share in the administration keep carriages, and what care they for the pedestrian traveller?

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU, in the year 1776, in the road to *Mesnil-Montant*, was beat down
by

by a large Lapland dog, and remained on the spot, whilst the master, secure in his berline, passed him by with that stoic indifference which amounts to savage barbarity. *Rousseau*, lame and bruised, was taken up, and conducted to his house, by some charitable peasants. The gentleman, or rather barbarian, hearing who was the person whom the dog had beat down, sent a servant to know what he could do for him.—“Tell him, said *Rousseau*, to chain his dog for the future;” and dismissed the messenger.

When a coachman has crushed or crippled any passenger, he may be carried before a *Commissaire*, who gravely enquires, whether the accident was occasioned by the fore-wheels or by the hind ones? If one should die under the latter, no pecuniary damage can be recovered by the heirs at law, because the coachman is answerable for the former, and even in this case there is a Police standard, by which he is judged in a summary manner, so much for arms and legs, the price is ready settled.—And we boast of being a civilised nation! It is mere boast indeed; we may think so, but nobody else will believe it.

THE A-

T H E A T R E S.

I shall say nothing of the nastiness that distinguish these places of general resort, because I would not wish to injure the property of the comedians; nor shall I inveigh against the influence of the box-keepers, and other servants of our theatres, as it would give to the world a bad opinion of the proprietors themselves, to whom some censorious readers might apply the proverb, *Like master like man*, and think it a *truism*. I intend to confine myself to those points that more materially concern the spectator when he is once got in, and has the good fortune to procure a clean seat.

First, let us survey the Pit.—Here every body stands. You will imagine that its inhabitants are the formidable umpires of taste and dramatic productions; this may or may not be, just as it suits the caprice or convenience of the Police, or the Lords of the Bedchamber; who from making their master's bed, as we have observed before, have raised themselves by degrees to judge of things which they hardly understand. Hence an actress is palmed upon the public: whether she is good or bad is not the question; but whether she has had the good fortune to please one or the whole of those gentlemen, and
every

every one knows what price she has paid for her admission. On the other hand, those mighty monarchs of the stage have their Ladies of the Bedchamber; and a young handsome fellow, who is desirous to enlist in the train of Melpomene or Thalia, knows at what rate he can purchase a commission.—From this true state of the matter, let every one judge of the generality of French actors—But to the Pit again:

Not a play is represented here without a guard of thirty men, with a few rounds each, to *quiet* the spectators. This internal guard keeps the frequenters of the Pit in a kind of passive condition; and whether you are tired, crowded, or bruised, beware of giving any sign of uneasiness or discontent.

Yet that poor public pays to take, not what they wish for, but what is given them. Surrounded with armed men, they must neither laugh too loud at a comedy, nor express their feelings at a tragedy in too pointed a manner.

Hence the Pit, except in some fits of a transient effervency, is mournfully dull; if one offers to give any sign of his existence he is collared by one of the guards, and carried, *pro forma*, before a Commissaire; I say for form sake, for every one in the play-house is under martial law; the civil magistrate is only there to hear and approve of the sentence passed upon the cul-

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prit

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prit by the officer of the guard ; who, upon the report, seldom exact, but often groundless of the soldier, orders the accused party to prison ; and the *Commissaire*, without enquiring into the merit of the charge, or so much as daring to hint at the least objection, signs the *mittimus*.

PETITES LOGES.

This is a modern refinement, or rather a public and very indecent nuisance, introduced to please the humour of a few hundreds of our women of fashion. These are held by subscription from year to year ; nay, from mother to daughter, as part of her inheritance. Nothing could ever be devised or better calculated to favour the impertinent pride and idleness of a first rate actor, who being paid handsomely by their share of the subscription, even before the beginning of the season, takes no trouble about getting up new parts, but solicits, under some pretence or another, leave of absence ; and receives annually near 18,000 livres from the inhabitants of the capital, whilst he is holding forth at Brussels.

Another objection against these hired boxes is, that the comedians have constantly refused to admit the authors of new plays to a share in the subscription money ; and they are so sensible
of

of this advantage, that they are daily improving it by throwing part of the pit into those kind of boxes.

Whilst the public complains loudly of such encroachments on the liberty of the play-houses, hear the apology set up by our *Belles*: “What! will you then, to oblige the *canaille*, compel me to hear out a whole play, when I am rich enough to see only the last scene? this is down-right tyranny, I protest—There is no Police in France now-a-days. Since I cannot have the comedians to come to my own house, I will have the liberty to come in my plain dishabille, enjoy my arm-chair, receive the homage of my humble suitors, and leave the place before I am tired; it would be monstrous to deprive me of all these indulgences, and positively encroach upon the prerogatives of wealth and *bon-ton*.”

A lady therefore, to be in fashion, must have her *petite-loge*, her lap-dog, &c. but above all a *man-puppy*, who stands, glass in hand, to tell her ladyship who comes in and goes out; name the actors, &c. whilst the lady herself displays a fan, which by a modern contrivance answers all the purpose of an Opera-glass, with this advantage, that she may see without being seen. Meanwhile the honest citizen, who, like a tasteless plebeian, imagines that play-houses are opened for entertainment, cannot get in for his

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money, because part of the house is let by the year, though empty for the best part of it, so that he is obliged to put up, instead of rational amusement, with the low and indecent farces acted on the booth of the *Boulevards*.

A C T O R S.

The comedians will always remain excommunicated till the king, parliament, and clergy think proper to repeal the church anathema, denounced against them. Such is the force of prejudice, or rather another proof of our national inconsistency. However, they had better laugh at the excommunication, than seek to have it repealed, or what would be a greater folly, buy it off, like their Italian comrades in this city, who have compounded with the Pope, and pay a certain sum annually to keep off the ecclesiastical censure.

The celebrated actresses, Mademoiselle *Clairon*, attempted once to bring the question before the tribunal of justice, but the advocate, or counsel, who signed her brief for that purpose, had his name struck out of the list, and by attempting to reconcile his client with the church, lost a comfortable and lucrative situation in life; to shew the world, however, how good he presumed the cause to be, he entered the carrier of the stage, where

where he met with little or no success ; so that, besides the Pope's curse, he was completely *damned* by the public.

Some time after this, the lady above mentioned, incurred a censure much heavier than all the papal bolts, she took some offence, and sulked with the public. An actor or actress, in this case, be the pretence or reason what it may, is always wrong. The house being full, and the curtain drawn up, she, on account of some green-room dispute, refused to make her appearance. The pit was now as outrageous as a French pit could be, and the actress, for that night, was safely lodged in the prison of *Fort L'Evêque* ; in order, as she thought, to be revenged of that *impertinent* public, and the *jaucy* Lords of the Bedchamber who had confined her, she quitted the stage, in the *humble* confidence that she would be entreated to re-assume the scepter of Melpomene, which, it must be owned, she swayed with becoming dignity. In this, however, she was mistaken, and she had not left Paris three days, when she was entirely forgotten.

Lewis XIV. was peculiarly nice in the choice of actors ; none could be admitted but those who had a noble presence and elegant stature ; but amongst the present race of players, there are but too few that can boast of an imposing appearance.

appearance. What idea can a foreigner conceive of our theatrical taste, when he sees little diminutive creatures attempt to represent the grandest and most celebrated characters recorded in history? He cannot but harbour a very indifferent opinion of our outward accomplishments; and his mere conjectures he palms afterwards as general truths upon his countrymen.

Our performers daily decrease in height and size; those who are of a short stature, give the preference to shorter ones, thinking that these will prove a foil to make them appear to better advantage; and if this error prevails for one single generation, we shall have none but Lilliputians, who, by attempting to represent the heroes of ancient and modern times, will only be the caricatures of those great men.

In order to apologize for those dwarfish tragedians, it may be urged, that *Alexander* was a little man. I would have admired him, and even with his head inclining on one side, when he was in his tent, or leading his army on to victory and conquest; but now that he is dead, I wish to see him represented in a stile that best suits the idea I entertain of a man whose name has filled the world with wonder.—The former perhaps might be more characteristic, but nature should sometimes wear a mask; we like to see her perfections, not her faults.

OPERA-

O P E R A - H O U S E.

We have, or rather *we had*, an Opera; not that I allude to the late conflagration which levelled to the ground the superb and costly edifice of the Palais Royal, but take my meaning literally: *we had once an Opera*, for what is now called by that name, is merely a Play-house, that opens and shuts regularly twice a week, to no other purpose than to keep up a mere appearance. Dancers we have none; foreign gold is the load-stone that attracts them all out of this country; nor is it any wonder, for the best performer in that line, who has an opportunity of *jumping* from a scanty salary of three thousand livres into a fortune of as many guineas, to stay at home, must be either a fool or a zealous patriot indeed—All the world knows that we are neither.

As for singers, they are entirely out of the question; and he certainly was a bold enterprising genius who first thought, that our language was susceptible of that kind of music which is requisite to form an Opera; the more so that, by a strange contradiction, such a syllable which ending in *e* mute is not pronounced in prose, must be dwelt upon in poetry, and has a very harsh and guttural sound. These defects

defects might, in some respect, be atoned for, and the eye at least gratified by the display of the most superb scenery; but the same are so often repeated, that the want of novelty, which alone could support this kind of entertainment, must soon operate a revolution, and save the millions that are to be laid out in rebuilding the Opera-house. It is not, however, that we want for good music, *Gluck* and *Picini* deserve the highest praise. But as long as they cannot reform the language, and as long as the *Eu Eu* of an *E* mute will continue to grate my ear; the Opera can never be a favourite place of resort for me.

The balls given at this theatre are a moral evil, which loudly calls for redress, as it only serves to increase that licentiousness, or rather libertinism, which reigns uncontrouled in this metropolis, where vice rides triumphant, whilst humble virtue dares not lift up her eyes, sure to encounter, on every side, objects that must shock her modesty. The opera ball is the resort of those *half-modest* women, whose wantonness, if I may be allowed the expression, is *bashful*, and dares not yet break through all restraints. Here, under the mask, they meet and are met; secure, under their disguise, they give full scope to their vicious inclinations, because indifferent as to guilt, they only stand in dread of the public opinion,

opinion, which the next day they take care to court by the best dissembled hypocrisy.

In other countries, these nocturnal meetings are estimated only in proportion as the masks prove entertaining, here we judge of them by their number; the talk of the next day is not that such or such mask was witty and pleasing, but that the place was *monstrously* crowded; so that a masquerade is the *very thing*, if one is in danger of being stifled.

In these balls, however, our predecessors gave themselves up to mirth and jollity. It is not so now, and people are as reserved in their conversation, as in any other public place where a man is almost sure to find a spy in every one he speaks to. One must either talk nonsense, or be silent, and dulness, lead on by despotism, presides in this as well as in other public places of diversion.

I have been present at a ball where there were not less than fifty soldiers, armed with horse-pistols under their dominos, and six rounds a-piece. This circumstance was not publicly known until the next day. But it must be owned, that this was a very strange kind of entertainment!

When a *Carme*, a *Franciscan*, or a *Benedictine* friar has been so lucky as to escape from his Cloyster, and to enjoy the sight of the ball without being found out, he thinks himself greater than the

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Pope;

Pope; he does not know, perhaps, that the Levitic order are the very pillars of the Opera-house on those nights, where they either come by appointment from some *modest* wanton, or, like the roaring lion, seeking for prey. I will maintain, that two-thirds of the seductions, which are the consequence of these motley assemblies, may be laid to the charge of the clergy; for in this particular they are not content with mere tything.

The only matter which is treated here with a kind of solemnity, and as a business of the first importance, is a *Quadrille-dance*. The first time I saw it, I could hardly believe my eyes, as I had no thought that such a trifle ever could be attended with so much pomposity.—But dancing is now-a-days looked upon more as a national affair, than a mere amusement. Our most celebrated milliners dress up a doll, in all the splendor of the reigning fashion, it is sent as a pattern into foreign countries; just so our dancing or ballet-masters send the plan of a *Ballet*, of a *Country-dance*, or a *Quadrille*, to be performed six hundred miles from the capital, and the letter that contains the *precious* information, is received with far more pleasure than the account of a victory by sea and land—Indeed, reader, I blush to own our national weakness, and how superficial we really are, but I am bound
to

to tell the truth, and I do not write a word beyond it.

The price is six livres a-head, and for that money your ears are stunned by a music equally *monotone* and noisy. If you have no amorous intrigue upon your hands, nor any rendezvous to *the purpose*, you have no business here, unless you delight in solitary dulness: as one-third at least of the spectators come there only to have it in their power to say: "I was at the ball last night—prodigious fine! the crowd was such, that I hardly escaped being crushed to death."

OPERA GIRLS.

A stranger would hardly think that we are in reality the most distressed of all nations, when he sees the immense sums lavished in the purchase of the superfluities for which an unbounded luxury is insatiably craving. The Opera-house is supported at a most extravagant expence, for no other purpose than apparently to favour the progress of effeminacy: because the man forgetful of his dignity is more disposed to submit to passive obedience, and is easily enslaved.

Nothing has been spared for the above political purpose, and the art of the Opera-girls

too well answers the views of government. They have devised those wanton alluring postures, which kindle desire in a youthful mind. The boldness of their looks, which ought to operate as a counterspel, adds new fuel to the fire. The deluded youth pays, at the most excessive rate, the first step that leads him to ruin; for, although satiety and disgust is all the result of venal love, yet he continues to support his Harlot in all her extravagancies, because it gives him the air of a man of fashion, and he exhausts a patrimony which his ungrateful mistress often shares with her own footman, who is the favourite, and even pensioned rival of the fool of quality.

As soon as a young girl has found means to elope from under the parental wing, she flies to the Opera, where, by a particular by-law, she is free from all controul on the part of her friends, and literally becomes public property. She soon finds a keeper; appears in the green-room, glittering with diamonds, and receives the homage of her companions, who revere the new comer in proportion to the richness and brilliancy of her dress. There exists amongst them a kind of distinction, and they are classed according to their respective opulence; so that the wealthiest does not look as if she carried on the same trade with her sisters in iniquity. She
receives

receives a new actress, or female dancer, with all the haughtiness of conscious superiority, and assumes with her tradesmen the air of a woman of quality. In her presence the Police *Minos* "grins horrible a ghastly smile," and the courtier seems to forget his self-importance. Every morning her toilet is decked with some new gifts, offered to that goddess of the day, by her doating votaries. The river *Pactolus* glides along her house in a perpetual stream. A simple smile, a nod of protection, or the waving of her hand, turns a hundred heads, and makes her a world of new proselytes.

THE HOURS OF THE DAY.

The different hours of the day offer by turns the image of perpetual motion and stagnating tranquillity, the scene shifts from one to the other in a constant succession, and nearly within the same space of time.

At seven o'clock all the gardeners, who have been to market, return to their marshes, bestriding their hacks, or asses, with empty baskets. One is not troubled then by the rattling of coaches, nor meet with any body in the streets but clerks going to their respective offices, with their heads dressed and profusely powdered, at this unfashionable time of the day.

About

About nine, the streets are crouded with a swarm of barbers and hair-dressers, holding in one hand their curling-irons, in the other a ready dressed perriwig, their cloaths bepowdered from top to bottom; this is the livery of their profession, on which account they are by the populace nicknamed *Merlans* (Whitings). At the same time the coffee-house waiters carry breakfasts to the inhabitants of ready furnished apartments, whilst our unexperienced *centaures*, followed by their footmen, gallop away towards the *Boulevards*, to the great terror of the harmless passenger, who is often the victim of their bad horsemanship.

As the clock strikes ten, a sable cloud of lawyers, and other limbs of the law, in two dread-inspiring divisions march on towards the *Palais* and the *Chatelet*, the judges to sleep, the pleaders to waste their lungs, and the clients to lose the best or win the worst cause, according to the humour in which the judge awakes from his slumber. Nothing is to be met with, but men dressed in bands and black gowns, laden with bags full of briefs, rejoinders, &c. plaintiffs and defendants in full cry after them.

At twelve, money and change brokers hasten in crouds to the *Bourse*, or Exchange, whilst the idlers lounge away towards the *Palais Royal*, so see, but much more to be seen. The *Faubourg*

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bourg and street of *St. Honoré*, where dwell the Financiers and other men in place are, at this hour, filled with humble suitors, who come to solicit for pensions or places.

Those who make their heads and wits pay for the relief of their hungry stomachs, prepare themselves to resort under some of those hospitable roofs, where genius in distress is always sure to find a good table; you may see them set off for so commendable an expedition in the best dress they could hire or purchase, walking on tiptoe for fear of splashing their white stockings, and treading as light as possible from one end of Paris to the other; avoiding, with the greatest care, though not always with the desired success, the unmerciful approach of carriages, especially the hackney ones; as this is one of the most busy hours of the day for those uncomfortable vehicles; such is indeed the great demand for them, that the first caller gets in at one door, and a second, scaling on the other side, sits himself down by the former, and then a formal appeal lies before the *Commissaire*, who determines the priority of right between the contending parties.

An hour after the streets are cleared. It is dinner time—A perfect calm succeeds to the rattling storm of coaches, *vinaigrettes*, cabrioles, &c. but this tranquillity is soon disturbed again.

At

At a quarter past five, Hell is in a manner broke loose. Woe to him who is obliged to walk the streets at that time, as they are blocked up by carriages crossing each other, and racing it towards the play-houses and public walks.

Peace and quiet return again; and at seven in the evening all is silent, as if the whole city and its inhabitants were laid under the powerful spell of some enchanter. It is the most dangerous part of the evening in autumn, because the *Guet*, or watch, is not yet set, and many outrages are committed about that time.

At nine o'clock the charm is destroyed, and the noise of carriages stuns once more your ears, and threatens the lives of the foot passengers: it proclaims the return of idle opulence from a tragedy, which they did not feel; or a comedy, which they *would not* understand, because it held up too faithful a mirror to their vices and folly.

This is also the time when venal beauty stalks abroad, when the devoted victims of debauchery, up to their ancles in mud, pursue the passengers, and accost them in a language suitable to a mind lost to all feelings of decency and self-esteem. This is tolerated under pretence that public incontinency is the best preserver of private chastity; that prostitution prevents violence, and that were it not for these votaries of promiscuous

cuous love, the unruly passions of which human frailty is heir to, would intice man, who on the chapter of women is a monster, to seduce innocence. All this may be true; never indeed were rapes less known or talked of than in the present time, but whether this circumstance may be adduced as an argument in support of the toleration alluded to, or implies a reflection on womankind, is more than I dare attempt to determine.

Meanwhile these scandalous scenes are acted close to the door of the honest tradesman, whose daughters are both ear and eye witnesses of what passes under their very windows. The language and actions of those deluded wretches becomes a public lecture on the most infamous debauchery, and that mind must be ten times folded in Virtue's steel that can escape corruption, and amidst the confused and ear-grating vociferations of Harlots, peruse with attention and profit the Philosopher's Treaty on Chastity.

At eleven o'clock suppers are nearly ended, the coffee-house politicians, indigent scribblers, starving garrateers, shut out from their places of resort, are now on their way to their ready furnished apartments, if such a name can be given to a small room, or rather hole on the fifth or sixth story, where all the moveables con-

sist in a couple of broken chairs, a most wretched bed, and worse bedding. The forlorn daughters of prostitution give up their chace, or stand close to the walls and in dark corners, lest they should be taken up by the *Guet*, or watch, who now beat their rounds: for the supreme legislator of the *Canaille*, the formidable *Lieutenant de Police* has said, “ ’Till eleven at night thou mayest revel in all manner of excess, insult the passengers, shew thyself the disgrace of thy sex and humanity, but after that hour, thou shalt only be permitted to sin in private ;” and in these matters that magistrate is the law and prophets.

Between twelve and one, the snoring tradesman is roused by the rattling noise of the coaches. Such is the contempt of the great for every thing that might in any respect bring them to the standard of other men, that what is night for these, is by the former turned into day, for none but the plebeian can be mean enough to set with the sun and rise with that brilliant luminary, whose first chearing rays never were meant to irradiate any other being than the brutes, or what is still less in the eyes of the great, the labouring part of mankind.

Long before the break of day, ten thousand countrymen and women arrive at the gates of Paris, with the provisions of fruit, pulse, and flowers,

flowers, and after having undergone a thorough search from the officers, are permitted to enter the city, and carry their useful loads to the *Halles*, a place which is the mart for all the markets in Paris. And this is another amongst the many grievances that daily increase the distress of the poor: as it favours only the fore-stallers and retailers, who sell to the indigent the leavings of the rich, at a higher price than the latter purchase at the first hand. Every necessary of life is dearer by one-third to those who, not being able to procure at once a certain quantity of provisions, are obliged to buy of the lowest retailer, who has bought at the second hand what he sells by retail.

Thus the lower sort of mechanics and journey-men pay for their wine, wood, butter, eggs, &c. at a far greater rate than the Duke of *Orleans*, or the Prince of *Conde*, and that great man, who enjoys three millions per annum, gets his provision much cheaper than the wretch who toils from morning to night to earn a scanty sustenance. The former drinks the best of wines at the same price as the latter purchases from the next public house an adulterated and noxious beverage.

Salt, for instance, that essential article, which nature gives so liberally, is retailed out at the extravagant rate of *thirteen sous* per pound. The

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retailers pay that price for it to the contractor, or fermier-general of that department. They are not permitted, it is true, to increase the price, but then every body must live, they therefore mix it with any thing that can add to the weight; and I remember to have heard a little girl, in the innocence of her heart say to a customer, "That she could not let her have any salt then, because her mamma, who was then out, had not yet put into it the usual quantity of ashes." This abuse is not only known and winked at, but in some manner supported by government, who, by granting a licence to retail a salt, which they sell to the retailer at the very same price that the latter is to sell it for, seem to give a tacit consent to those fraudulent practices.

As to the wine, or rather baneful compounds sold under that denomination by the publicans, it is by far more fatal to the lower class of people, who drink the poisonous liquid. For nothing is so easy as to adulterate the wine, cyder, and brandy. The retailer shut up in his cellar, secretly performs the hellish mixture, and yet we have not an instance of one of these wretches having been brought to the gallows, the just reward of those murderous villains, more dangerous by far to mankind in general, than the most notorious malefactors.

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A chymist of great reputation has found out a liquid, by the use of which not only the adulteration is completely detected, but effectually prevented, where it has not yet taken place. So valuable a discovery entitles the author to the thanks of his fellow-citizens, and the particular attention of a sovereign, who has at heart the welfare and preservation of his subjects. But where is he to be found? Upon repeated trials being made, it was proved to answer every requisite purpose; the inventor was praised, his discovery much admired, but no more.

MONS. DE JUSTAMOND, the ingenious chymist alluded to, had some thoughts of offering it to some persons in *England*, but it seems that there, as well as here, secrets that have no other propriety than to serve the nation without enriching its rulers, are not thought worth attention. I remember to have read, in a letter from *London*, that the method was proposed about eighteen months ago to a man in power, whose answer was: "that government cared little about the quality, provided the quantity exported brought a sufficient revenue to the Exchequer."—Is this the answer of an Englishman? Sacred humanity where hast thou fled!—But let us complete our journal.

At six in the morning, and until seven in the depth of winter; but by three hours earlier in
the

the fine season, the labourers and artificers quit their hard pillows, and return to their toils and fatigues—alas! after a day spent in all manner of hardships, but softened by the hopes of carrying some comfort to his unfortunate wife and children, he finds his little hovel inhabited by strangers, his family turned out of doors, and his bed occupied by persons unknown to him—This is an enigma for the reader, if he is unacquainted with our barbarous laws and customs. In this case, let him peruse the following chapter. Its subject may be called the *Coup de Grace* given by despotism to forlorn indigence.

CAPITATION, or POLL-TAX:

This tax, though not perhaps so heavy and grievous as the *tenths* and the duties laid upon the entrance of the commodities and even necessities of life, is far more cruel, as it is levelled at the person of the inhabitant.—Thanks to the fertile imagination of those public leeches, called Financiers; the *Capitation*, whose very name conveys the idea of servitude, takes daily strides towards an arbitrary increase, which would soon make of it a burthensome imposition, were not the way opened to reclamation against this oppression. The *Prevôt des Marchands*, or Mayor of Paris,

Paris, is judge in these matters, and will, if applied to in time, redress the grievance complained of; but will every *Prevôt des Marchands* be as honest as a CAUMARTIN?—The odds are against it.

If an inhabitant is backward in paying his *Capitation*, he is not proceeded against in the common law, that is to say, that his furniture and moveables are not directly seized upon and sold on the spot, but he is put under martial law, and this alludes to the concluding words of the foregoing chapter. The collector, in the King's name, sends garrison at free quarters in the house of the delinquent; they will sleep in his bed, and *humanely* indulge him to lay on the boards.

There are *Capitations* so low as thirty sols; but the King's brave troops will find their way to the most wretched habitation, to exact the tribute from the industrious but unfortunate parent of a large family, to whom government ought, in justice and mercy, to allow some trifle towards repairing an hovel opened to all the inclemency of the weather.

Every subject, not even excepting the Dauphin himself, pays the Poll-tax; the clergy however, with their usual finesse, and in the name of that Being whom they daily insult more than they serve his cause, have asked, and obtained,

tained, to be free from a burthen which, amongst others, they have charitably shaken off from their own shoulders "that it might lie heavier upon those of the people." Ever true to their own doctrine, but more so to their interest: "Their heaven they promise, but our earth they covet."

Jean Jacques Rousseau, who certainly was better than them all, having refused to pay his *Capitation*, by reason that the city corporation, who were then managers of the Opera-house, owed him 60,000 livres, for his *Devin du Village*, was threatened with a *garrison*. When the receiver having been timely informed, laid the important case before the *Prevôt* and Aldermen in common council assembled, a motion was instantly made, and by a great majority, the city *Sanhedrin* resolved *generously*, to forgive the author of *Emile* the three livres twelve sols *capitation*; but not a word was spoken of the 60,000 livres claimed by that great man.

I can vouch to the truth of this fact, as I was witness of the proceedings against *Rousseau*, and his obstinate refusal to comply. It was not for the sum itself, no man ever had a more sovereign contempt for pecuniary concerns; besides, the above quota is no more than the rate of a common maid-servant, but he looked upon it as a piece of injustice, in which he would have
thought

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thought himself an accomplice, had he paid the iniquitous demand. He strictly forbid his wife and friends to pay for him, under pain of incurring his displeasure and indignation. It was in vain to remonstrate, that the King's *garriſon* in theſe caſes have no kind of regard for celebrated writers whoever they may be. Well, would he reply, let it be ſo; let them take poſſeſſion of my room, and even the bed, I ſhall go, ſet myſelf down at the foot of a tree, and there wait quietly for death. He was a man capable of doing as he ſaid. Luckily the magiſtrate found him out in time to prevent it: he lived then in an apartment, on the fifth ſtory, in the *Rue Platriere*, not far from the Poſt-office.

C O N C L U S I O N.

Were I to continue the detail of our vices and follies, it would ſwell this work to a couple of folios, and ſerve no other purpoſe than to expoſe them, without effecting any ſalutary alteration amongſt us. Our women would ſtill remain what they are, *coquets*, until thirty, nor would they give over their pretenſions to beauty and love, until they find that neither rouge nor cosmetics, laid ever ſo artfully, can hide from the preying eye of a malicious world the authentic certificate of their age, deeply engraved

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on

on their once admired faces, by the rude hand of all destroying time, and that they can no longer pass their shrivelled wrinkles for *lovely dimples*. In short, they would, as they do now, end in religious hypocrisy, a life spend in folly and dissipation.

On the other hand, our men of quality would continue in their fashionable vices. The middling state, and our populace, in their ignorance, wretchedness, and absurdities; and Paris remain to the end of its existence, the dirtiest, most debauched, poorest, and yet the most ridiculously proud and presumptuous of all the cities built since the destruction of Babylon.

VOILA PARIS!—QUE VOUS EN SEMBLE?

POST.

POSTFACE.

*Quid rides? Mutato nomine de te
Fabula narratur.—*

HOW I came by that scrap of Latin, good reader, or whether I understand it or not, is neither worth your while to enquire, nor mine to tell. I can however inform you what I mean by it, and that is, “A fool is often the sport of a greater fool than himself.”

You seem displeased *serene* reader, I cannot help it, for I think the saying very applicable in the present case; I mean to do more, I shall prove it, and whether your self-pride allows it or not, I know conscience must, and that is enough for me.

Placed at three hundred miles distance, you have laughed at the folly of the Parisians, so have I for ten years together on the very spot. But at my return to London, I shook my head and said ‘THIS IS PARIS AGAIN!’ The streets are cleaner and more commodious, I own it, but should the difference between the English and French metropolis, between the abode of freedom and slavery, consist only in mere accessories and outward ornaments? The distinc-

tion ought to exist between men and men. The Britons should be known by a practice of all those virtues which become the sons of liberty, and preserve un sullied their noble inheritance, by continuing to be the terror and admiration, as they are objects of envy to all Europe. But how low are the mighty fallen ! we are *French* in our very manner of eating—Our women have first caught the contagion : they live, they talk, they love *à la Française* ; and our men, to show that English genius, can improve upon every thing, are become far more dissolute in their morals, more effeminate in their manner of living, and more extravagant in dress ; in fine, greater coxcombs than the most finical Frenchman. Thus with their dancers, friseurs, and *impures*, we have imported all the vices and follies of those modern *Sybarites*, without a grain of their virtues.

I do not mean to cast a general reflection, and pass so heavy a censure on the whole nation—Thanks to Heaven ! there are still some men who are an honour to their country. May they continue in those principles, and remember, that there is not a being more contemptible and ridiculous, than a Frenchified Englishman.—But as I mean in this Postface to draw a short parallel between the two Capitals, let us examine the advantages we have above our neighbours.

One

One of the greatest grievances which the French groan under, arise from that swarm of government spies, who surround them on all sides, introduce themselves into their families, and betray their secrets to a despotic minister.—We have no such wretches, or if there are any, it is to watch the man in place; but this is only between minister and minister, the honest man has nothing to dread from them.—Yet are we not cursed with a greater evil? We have informers, the worst, the meanest, the most infamous herd of degraded mankind. The former, by catching at every word you utter, will perhaps bring upon you a temporary confinement.—The latter may endanger your life.—Shame, eternal shame upon that government, who encourages and rewards such wretches! It is *Shylock's* bond, so much for a pound of human flesh.

The French are deprived of the liberty of the press—we enjoy it without controul—But what is the use we make of this our constitutional privilege?—Our newspapers are turned to the worst of purposes—our *pamphleteers* indulge their own spleen, without consulting the general good—they revile men in power, not to point out to them more eligible plans, but for the mere purpose of treating them with the most opprobrious language. I have read all the political reveries of our state reformers, on both side of the question,
and

and this lecture has convinced me, that we are in temporal, what divines are, or at least have been, in religious matters, embroiling every thing, and confounding, as it were, confusion itself.

What every rational being ought to understand by the liberty of the press, is the freedom of delivering his thoughts upon every object in which, as a member of society, he finds himself concerned; to censure the misconduct of the statesmen, not to abuse them: For political pamphlets should be no more than an expostulating conversation between the subject and the ruling powers—some good might then be done: but, in order to enforce argument, is it necessary to rail at sacred Majesty, and grossly insult the *man* in the *minister*?

The Emperor has indulged his subjects with the liberty of the press—it was abused as soon as granted. To prevent licentiousness, it was ordered that no books on any subject should be published, without the real name of the author. This regulation is wise, and no ways inimical to the liberty of the press; it only checks the career of those assassins who set upon you in the dark, and stab you in the tenderest part. A well-meaning man finds fault where there is any, tells it to the world, and should not be afraid to avow himself, since he is conscious of intending no harm, but on the contrary, of endeavouring
to

to do good. The cowardly abusive scribbler may fly the light, because he dreads it—the honest man has no such fears about him.

In France they complain of their criminal law—Is ours better regulated? I will not enter into a dissertation about the matter, it would carry me too far: but let us suppose that we are superior to them in this respect—are they not so to us in point of civil law, at least in what regards matters between debtor and creditor. I shudder when I think it is in the power of every villain to deprive a man, not only of his liberty, but even of his future prospect in life, by swearing a false debt against him: The unfortunate victim is taken up and imprisoned for want of bail, the real creditors take the alarm, twenty detainers are lodged in an instant, and the man is ruined. But he may try the cause—granted; yet what avails it him, the plaintiff, who keeps out of the way or flies the country, is cast for non-appearance, and for your comfort, you have a counsel to fee, an attorney's bill to discharge, and other expences to defray. It is not long since, a worthy and respectable tradesman of Coventry-street, very active in prosecuting swindlers, was arrested for 1100 l. at the suit of one of those wretches—a rascal without hardly a shirt to his back, swears to a debt of 1100 l. and is believed!—And why not? the oath brings money to the person who
tenders

tenders it, and take it who lists.—In France, a debtor is summoned to appear, has sufficient time allowed him, nor is he cast, but upon the authenticity of the vouchers produced against him by the creditor.

The French pay little or no poor's rates—no wonder that their cities and towns should be filled with beggars. But we are oppressed with a very grievous tax to prevent the same inconvenience ; yet I cannot walk the streets of London, without being shocked at the sight of human misery, whilst the more sturdy beggars of both sexes follow to force an alm from the passenger, or abuse him if he refuses it. But you will say, there are good laws to prevent it ; if so, why are they not put in force ?

You have laughed with me at the superstition and credulity of the populace—and does not every Frenchman that comes over, find you far more weak and credulous than any of his countrymen ? Are you not constantly the dupes of quacks of every denomination—in politics, physic, and even religion ? Are you not daily imposed upon by those French Refugees, who read, dance, cook, and draw teeth, and get more in a month, from your misplaced generosity, than they could earn in half a score of years on the Continent : where they would suffer the first-rate genius of this country to linger away his
life

respect of impudence and infamy.—But here I drop the curtain.

I could continue the comparison further, but I am not writing a volume; besides, I am checked in my career by the Publisher, who is afraid lest I should exceed certain bounds, which he knows to be the *ne plus ultra* of the expences which you wish to be at for the purchase of a book. And such amongst you, who scruple not to pay twenty guineas for the capers of a French dancer, would not bestow five shillings to rescue the works of a *Bacon* from total oblivion—well, then, adieu!—Yet I will have the last word, and tell you, that the London *Cockney* is as absurd, as conceited, and as ridiculous, as the *Badaud de Paris*.—And so saying, I leave you to your private meditation.

From my Garret,
April 15th, 1782.

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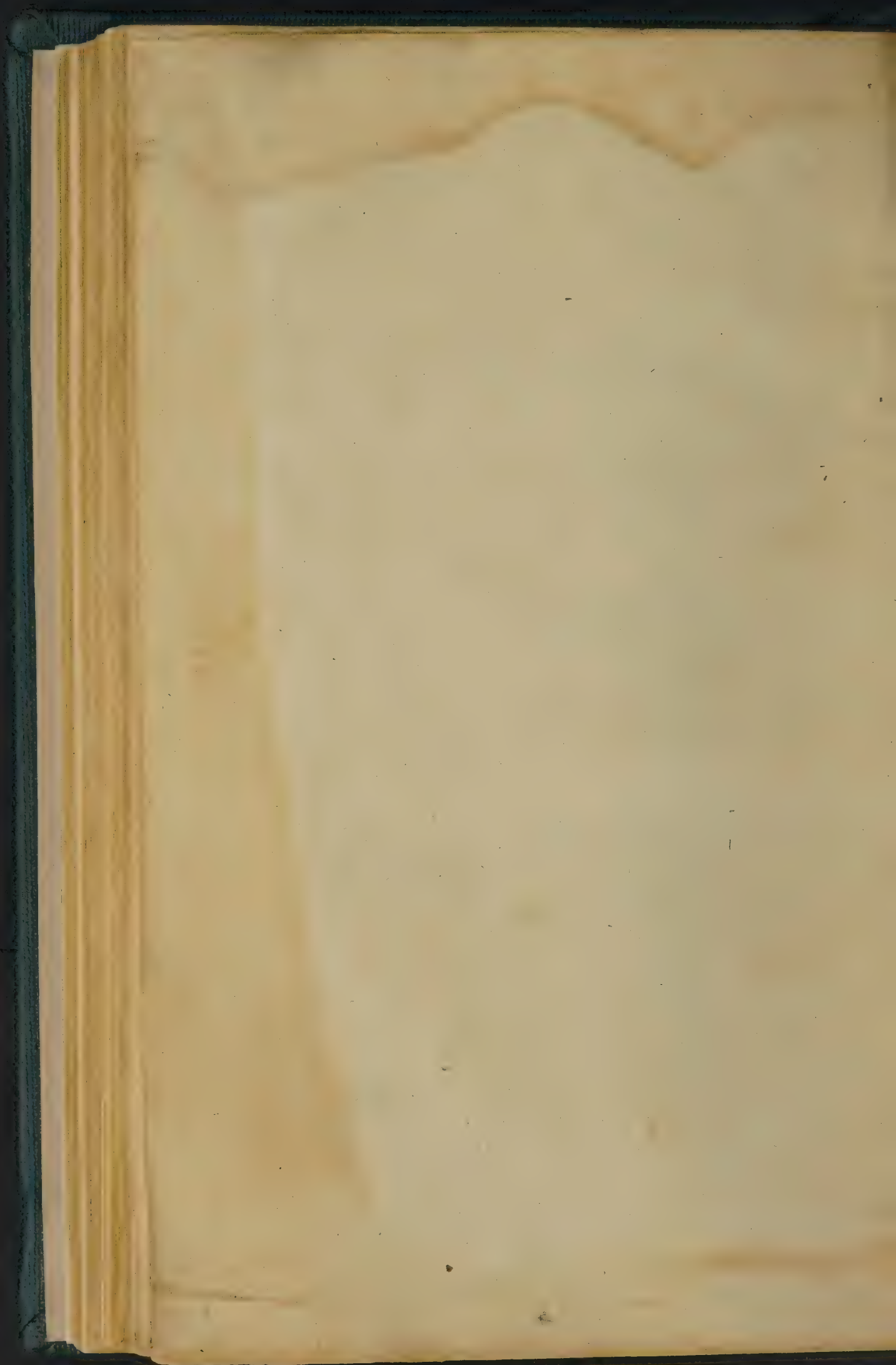
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